

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 2

June 2019

Highlighted Features in This Issue

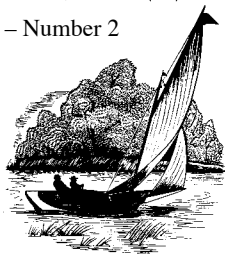
Review: *The Adirondack Guideboat*
Thompsons River Adventure- Last Tack at the Needles
Sailing Adventures - Sea Stories & Tall Tales
Overboard Rescue - Just an Old Boy Scout
The East End Classic Boat Society- Flotation
Bay of Maine Ram Island Peapod



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Wrapping up each issue usually involves filling up assorted leftover white spaces with “filler” hopefully germane to our interest. The content we fill our 60 pages with each month just doesn’t come out evenly. This month we ended up with a few too many classified ads to fit onto a single page, so the necessary additional page (58) had lotsa white space leftover to “fill.”

First, I dropped in a promo aimed at those who get to see a copy of the magazine who are not yet subscribers but hopefully possibilities. There are copies on the shelves of a number of public libraries and other copies get handed on by the original subscribers that get read by non subscribers. Worth going after, we need new subscribers to replace those who drop out for whatever reason, to keep our circulation up to a level that will pay the bills.

Casting around for inspiration for the left hand column still blank on page 58, I thought about our collective interest in small boat designs and chose to look for some old time examples to present for your interest and entertainment. To my surprise one source that turned up was “Old Boats” offering “Free Plans” on Dave Gray’s website for his Polysail International business (www.polysailinternational.com). Dave has made quite a success out of developing and marketing low cost sails of high quality polyethylene for home builders of small boats.

What I found was a selection of articles from bygone magazines such as *Popular Mechanics*, *Popular Science*, *Mechanics Illustrated* and the like from the 1930s and 1940s era of do it yourself boat building. Dave has the following to say about his treasure trove:

“Old Boats: Treasures from the Past Free Boat Plans from the Late 1930s and Early 1940s”

“These plans, drawings and instructions came primarily from some old “how to” paperbacks from the late 1930s and early 1940s. Meant for home boat builders of various skill levels, these magazines featured a variety of plans ranging from simple knock together scows to ocean going yachts. We’ve tried to filter these plans based upon simple construction, low cost, novelty and perfor-

mance along with our preferences for sailing sharpies, flat iron skiffs and scows. We are rebuilding these plan pages from a site that had been hosted on AOL over a 12 year period before AOL made a corporate decision to eliminate free hosting. Consequently, it might be some time before all plans become available again. As plans are rescanned and posted, the “live” links will appear in color and the word “Plans” will be listed in the first column. Please be patient. Some of these scans are very large in order to capture very small plan dimensions.”

Consider my “filler” on page 58 a “tickle” for your curiosity and go on to Dave’s website for viewing some great old small boat design concepts.

Boat designs are the product of skilled trained designers who necessarily must ask for payment. To cater to the demand for a free looksee, they usually offer a “study plan” to present the overall concept, but one which cannot be built from, lacking key information. To build you gotta buy the complete plans, justifiably so.

Many such study plans have appeared on our pages over these many years. Occasionally I’d be told they were too small to build from, details and print were undecipherable. Sure, you weren’t expected to be able to build from them. Original building plans are a much larger format which, when reduced to an 8”x10” page size, causes details to shrink to undecipherable size.

A favorite small boat magazine of mine is Pete Greenfield’s *Watercraft*, a bi monthly very elegant British publication aimed at “Designing Boats, Building Boats, Using Boats.” It is a delight, now up to #134, that’s 11 years and counting. A regular feature in each issue is a “Build Your Own...” article including full pages of detailed plans from which you can build directly, or easily have enlarged by your local copy shop. Pete has a noted British designer, Paul Gartside, offering this free access to his designs in *Watercraft*. Recent smaller boat designs include a 15’ Flattie Skiff, an 11’ Lugsail Dinghy, a 14’ Plywood Peapod and an 18’ Shantyboat.

To learn more about *Watercraft* magazine go to www.watercraft-magazine.com, you’ll not be disappointed.

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On the Cover...

“Sail on, Skipper,” is the caption for our cover photo, which also appears on page 31, in a report from the East End Classic Boat Society. Skipper is Ray Hartjen, the long time founder/booster of this great little boat shop on Long Island in Hampton, NY and the occasion was recognition by that community for all he had done for that community over the past quarter century, including “raising funding for the Hartjen-Richardson Community Boathouse”. To us, Ray represents others like himself who have devoted so much extra effort to encourage our collective ongoing messing about in boats.



Harking Back With Harvey

*"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
 Images by Harvey Petersiel
 Grounded*





You write to us about...

more information please visit www.hrmm.org/the-maritime-festival or email Development & Communications Manager Ellie Burhans at eburhans@hrmm.org.

Activities & Events...

Two People. Four Hours. One Boat. Are You Up to the Challenge?

The Hudson River Maritime Museum is seeking competitors for the National Boat Building Challenge held on Saturday, June 22. Teams of two compete to build a 12' Carolina Bateau in under four hours and then race it on the Rondout Creek. Registration to compete in this event is now live at www.hrmm.org/the-maritime-festival.

Last year several returning teams competed alongside of local members of the Veterans Wooden Boat Workshop against national champions. This year the museum is expanding the competition by increasing enrollment to up to 12 teams of adults and two youth teams. All registered teams and anyone interested in competing should attend a practice build led by expert woodworker and competition champion Tom Russell on Saturday, June 1.

The National Boat Building Challenge will be held as part of the Hudson River Maritime Museum's Maritime Festival Featuring the Antique and Classic Boat Show and National Boat Building Challenge. The museum courtyard and Wooden Boat School will feature vendors and entertainment. Museum docks will host the Antique and Classic Boat Show. FREE kids' activities throughout the entire museum campus. For

This Magazine...

Conbert Benneck's Article is Fantastic

The April issue arrived here on the Olympic Peninsula a couple of weeks ago and, as usual, I flipped through it from back to front. I always start with Robert L. Summers' cartoon, "Shiver Me Timbers," read through the Classified Marketplace and the advertising, then launch into the articles.

I'm a powerboater, not a sailor, so "Sailing Adventures Part 1 - Going Trailer Sailing" by Conbert H. Benneck, seven solid pages of text with two very small illustrations, appeared daunting and I passed over it. But after reading the rest of the articles, I came back to it, how fortunate!

Mr Benneck's article is FANTASTIC, a very deep plunge into his rationale and methodology for shifting to a trailer sailor. The seven pages flew past and I am looking forward to what I hope will be an equally long second installment (see May issue pages 16-21 and wrap up in this issue pages 20-21. Ed) If there are others out there who might have hesitated before reading it I strongly urge them to take the plunge, it's more than worth it.

I don't know any other magazine in print that would have published an article as lengthy as Mr Benneck's and I know I certainly wouldn't have seen it in a print magazine or online were it not for *Messing About*

in *Boats*. We are all richer for your support, thank you!

I know you hear this accolade from time to time, but I want to reiterate it again, *Messing About in Boats* is really a wonderful magazine and one that stands the test of time. Your sure touch as editor in selecting those articles sure to appeal to those of us more than happy to travel with you down your "dirt road" is as evident now as it was when you began. I reread my copies, which stretch back to the early '90s, on a continual basis and there are always copies floating around my office and on the reading nightstand for review and study.

Sponsoring copies for the local library in Port Hadlock and the high school in Chimacum, Washington, just around the corner, is worth it, too, and helps to get the word out that messing about in boats is for everyone. Perhaps more of us could sponsor an extra subscription for the local library or high school?

Thank you and my very best wishes to you and your family.

Pete Leenhouts, Port Ludlow, WA

Editor Comments: I have never been a fan of the *Reader's Digest* format, I run whatever I get as lengthy as it may be providing it is pertinent to our interest and readable and informative. My editor's "sure touch" is utterly dependent on the quality of the material we receive for publication. Reader contributions have not yet failed us in our now 37 years of continuous publication.

For those who may not understand Pete's reference to my "dirt road," in 1997 the *Boston Globe* did a feature story on *MAIB* in a Sunday supplement in which, at one point, the author stated that "in this era of the information highway, *Messing About in Boats* is a dirt road meandering along..."

A Positive Difference

Sad to see Doc Regan is cutting back. I read his column with great interest and some angst as he express a lot of opinions on the "Gray Fleets." I too am an old USN sailor but hold an often different viewpoint.

It is always a breath of fresh air to read all the different articles and review past ones from time to time.

My friend Fred Swain (deceased in 2013) loved *MAIB* and lived for it. He made a number of the projects from articles and advertisers. Another friend, Jim Perry, loves *MAIB* as well and laughs at all the funny articles and silly doings he comes across. Before I get to read them, he calls me to urge me to look them up right then and there.

MAIB does make a positive difference in our lives, thanks so very much.

Dan Robbins, Williamson, NY

Burning a Little Oil

Another year has gone by and I continue to enjoy *MAIB*, as I have since the mid 1980s. Your durability is impressive. While all of us at this age "burn a little oil" (as my father used to say), you keep chugging along. I look forward to another year of *MAIB* as I burn a little more oil.

John Zohlen, Annapolis, MD



To those of you who are seeing our magazine for the first time as a free sample issue:

**Did you find it of interest?
Enough to want to see more?**

Easy to do.

If it really grabs you just send us your check for \$32 for a full year (12 - 60 page issues) with your full mail address and it will begin to arrive in your mail with the next issue.

Not sure? Then risk only \$8 for a three month trial subscription. When that concludes we'll send you a renewal notice suggesting you sign up for another full year.

This sample issue is #670 since May of 1983. We've been around for 32 years and plan to be around for many more.

No need to send in any order form (there isn't any). Mail your check for either choice payable to *Messing About in Boats*, at 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984-01943 with a note including your mailing address. That'll do it.

Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher






Small Craft Rentals

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's small craft rental program was launched May 24 and continues Fridays through Sundays through October 27, with sailing vessels, kayaks and rowboats launching from CBMM's floating docks. Daily and hourly rates vary by type of vessel with discounts for CBMM members and for Friday rentals.

The fleet of small craft are perfect for singles, couples or families and includes a 13' lighthouse skiff, two 15' bay skiffs, a 16' Delaware Ducker, a 16' Chesapeake stick-up, an 18' two masted crabbing skiff and a selection of wooden and plastic kayaks. More details about the fleet can be found at cbmm.org/smallcraftrentals.

"You can take one of our boats out for as little as one hour to an entire day," said CBMM Shipyard Program Manager Jennifer Kuhn. "It's a unique chance to play around on the Miles River in a handcrafted wooden vessel." For more information contact Jennifer at jkuhn@cbmm.org or (410) 745-4980.



Father's Day Weekend Antique & Classic Boat Festival

Wooden and fiberglass classics, vintage racers and other antique and Chesapeake Bay related boats are coming to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum beginning Friday, June 14 for the 32nd Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival and the Arts. Hosted by the Chesapeake Bay Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society, this Father's Day weekend event brings nostalgia to the Miles River and CBMM's docks and campus, drawing some of the area's finest classic boats, nautical and maritime treasures. This year's festival highlights racing on the Chesapeake with some unique and high powered racing boats expected to attend along with land displays and seminars on the Bay's association with power boat racing.



CBMM News

The show attracts the finest runabouts to yachts including race boats, work boats, launches, hydroplanes and utilities. Chris-Craft, Trumpy, Gar Wood, Donzi and Lyman are among some of the boats represented with sizes from a 9' hydroplane to 70' plus cruisers. A crowd favorite, several Jersey Speed Skiffs, will be displaying their aptly named strengths throughout the show.

Along the Fogg's Landing side of CBMM's campus the Festival's Field of Dreams features an array of restorable classic boats and motors along with other items in a nautical flea market sale. Also on display will be the restoration of the 1912 tug *Delaware* and the construction of the newest reproduction of the 17th century ship *Maryland Dove*. Special exhibitions include On Land and On Sea: A Century of Women in the Rosenfeld Collection, Beach Finds of the Chesapeake and Deconstructing Decoys: The Culture of Collecting.



June Blacksmithing Workshops

CBMM has scheduled two blacksmithing workshops this summer in its working Shipyard. The first is set for 10am-2:30pm Saturday, June 15, with the second offering from 10am-2:30pm Sunday, June 16. Advanced registration is required for both. Participants are invited to join Med Chandler, owner of Ships Coy. Forge for these hands on programs focused on forging hot iron by hammer and anvil. Chandler has been forging iron since 2003 when he was working at a 1740s living museum in New Hampshire. He is both a sailor and a shipwright. In 2010 he opened Ships Coy. Forge, specializing in hand forged tools for boat builders, timber framers and other craftsmen.

Participants will have the opportunity to learn the basics of blacksmithing and bring home their own hand forged projects. Chan-

dlar will guide participants in the techniques of forging small projects such as nails, wall hooks, forks and bottle openers. Materials and basic tools are included, participants are encouraged to bring a lunch.

The cost for each workshop is \$100 with a 20% discount for CBMM members. To sign up or to learn about any of CBMM's other Apprentice for a Day Shipyard Programs, visit cbmm.org/shipyardprograms.



Ecology Cruises Aboard *Winnie Estelle*

On June 20, from 10-11:30am, children and adults are invited to join Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum educators aboard buy boat *Winnie Estelle* for an up close and personal exploration of the Miles River and its unique habitat and ecology. The cruise will be offered again on Tuesday, July 16, from 1-2:30pm and Wednesday, August 14, from 10-11:30am. During the ecology cruise participants will learn how to monitor the water quality of the river, perform water testing and explore the critters on an oyster reef, all while cruising in the breeze on CBMM's buy boat. Birders will enjoy the route, which passes near Long Point Island, known for its eagle and osprey populations and heron rookery.

Built in 1920 by Noah T. Evans, a native Smith Islander, *Winnie Estelle* was used as a workboat on the lower Chesapeake for more than 50 years, carrying seafood and produce to market across the Bay. In the 1970s she made Belize her port of call where she operated as an island trader, carrying lumber from Honduras to Belize, and later as a charter boat for divers. She returned to the Chesapeake in 2012.

Cruises aboard *Winnie Estelle* are also offered to watch Miles River log canoe races on June 29 and 30, July 27 and 28 and September 7, 14 and 15. For details, visit cbmm.org/onthewater.



Messing About in Boats, June 2019 – 5

I've been thinking a lot about motorless boating, kayaks and canoes, and how utterly nice it is to be out on the water without all that noise and gasoline smell. When I'm out in a motorboat, numb to all that, enjoying the speed and mobility of being able to go where I want so quickly, I find myself in a different mindset that I don't really like.

The contrast with a kayak is stunning. I see so much more. It's like the difference of walking along a road and driving a car, where riding a bike is somewhere between. Perhaps it's about this sense of connection we feel to our surroundings.

Or, alternatively, that we don't feel! The absence is hard to sense or fathom. It's just an absence. We wouldn't see it if we couldn't compare it to something else. It's like when I'm wading a flat in salt water in my shorts while most anglers seem to wear waders as if to protect themselves from [what?]. Sure, when the water is chilly, they help. But during the summer months I want to feel the water upon my legs, its changing temperature, the strength of the flow, it is all about this sense of immersion in Nature's embrace. The sensual aspects are crucial to this engaging connection I feel.

Fly fishing is an attempt to imitate things to which we are alien in a watery world that we left long ago, according to the research. We reach into its mysteries with our flies, like questions hurled to the darkness, hoping for a response. Sometimes it comes, Eureka! I've got a fish! But mostly we try without answers. We pray for success, life feeds on

Ruminations on Human Sapience

By Fred Jennings
ecologicaleconomics@yahoo.com
Reprinted from *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*

hope but we know we must cast for results. There is no sense here beyond our questions seeking contentment.

There's something precious we've lost touch with, riding in cars or outboards. Power corrupts, they say. Perhaps this is one way our technology impedes us, it gets in the way of connection. I sat on my kayak on an early incoming tide, watching the shadows of sand on the surface rippling over the flat a few inches below, seeing its sensual beauty.

These quiet moments are not to be sullied by purpose or entertainments. It's like going camping or sitting on a beach with your radio blaring! "Getting away from it all?" Not really. Learn to revel in silence. It will have many gifts for you.

We are ingenious sapients whose lives are improved by our clever machines. But we have hunter gatherer instincts that cannot be quelled altogether. Perhaps that is why we love fishing, kayaking, immersing ourselves in a process so much more embracing than our mere selves that it helps us keep perspective on where we fit in a larger world. Humility? Or hubris? One connects, the other

rejects. Where does our humanness stand? Maybe it all boils down to love vs fear.

So much does, I've come to realize. Do we embrace the world or shrink from its chaos? Our cellphones serve as a hiding place from encounter and true engagement. These shallows hold fish that are easily spooked, they bolt for the deep at the slightest disturbance. They are more attuned and alert than we've become these days. It's hard to see past the din.

I love the peace when I'm out on the water on a calm, quiet dawn. As light slowly comes, an owl greets the day, calling out to the rise of the sun peeking over the dunes in the distance. A fish splashes at the edge of the marsh as I move downriver in silence, brimming with anticipation untouched by the fish on my fly with the whole trip before me. At this point there is nothing but hope and infinite possibility. Every day is different downriver, each brings its own challenge.

Imbue all this sense of freedom and love into your daily life. Open your feelings wherever it's safe to be yourself among friends. Share these quiet moments with them. Offer them something of you. We all need that sense of connection.

Thanks for reading. I just let it flow. I didn't know what would come out, where it would end, or how it might strike.

Editor Comments: Fred is founder of the Center for Ecological Economic and Ethical Education in Ipswich, Massachusetts, and a avid angler.



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Howard Blackburn and the Challenge

Howard Blackburn was fishing for cod from his dory in January 1883 when he lost touch with his schooner in a sudden storm. Five days later he reached the coast of Newfoundland. Compared to that, the present day Blackburn Challenge is a breeze! But be assured, when you finish it you feel that you've accomplished something.

It's a 32km trip around Cape Ann on the Massachusetts coast north of Boston. The cape is almost an island so the finishing point, on the beach at Gloucester, is very close to the starting point. It's open to all human powered craft, paddled as well as rowed, and the entries, 200 to 300 boats enter, are divided into classes. Some people do it in the traditional dories, it takes them about six hours. Peter Jepson has completed the Blackburn Challenge a number of times in his open water boat in the Sliding Seat Touring Men Single class. Last time was in 2017. Here's what he has to say about the adventure:

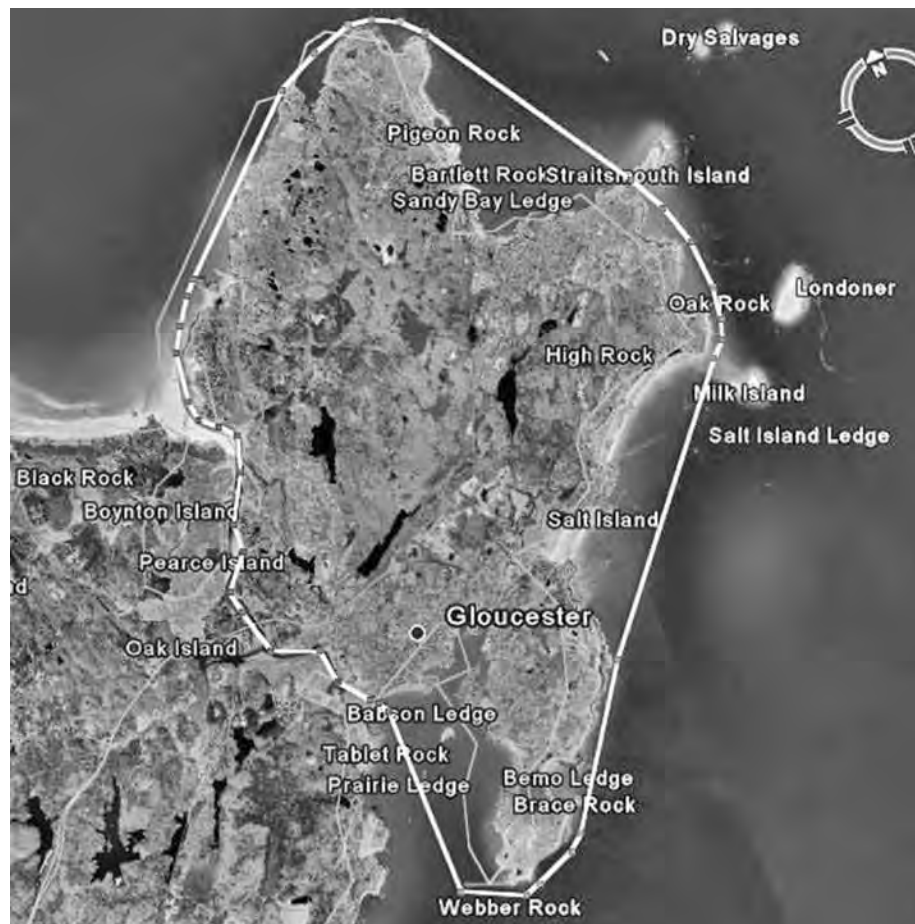
"I always like to know exactly where I am so I tape a map inside the hull where I can see it while I'm rowing and I take a GPS, too, just in case of fog. The course begins heading north on the Annisquam River where there is a fierce tide, either with you or against you,

and plenty of sandbanks to trap you. Soon enough you find yourself keeping pace with some other boat and that's your race, even if the other boat is in a different class.

After half an hour you get into the open sea, from then on you simply keep the shore to starboard as you go round Cape Ann clockwise, a series of straight lines from one headland to the next. At one point, crossing a bay, one is a kilometre or two from shore but there are always several other boats within hailing distance.

Not long after the halfway point (two hours in, at my pace), you round one headland and see the next oh so far away, that's when you remember Howard Blackburn. Now you're going southwest and the water gradually gets rougher and rougher (always, whatever the wind!). But when you round the end of the breakwater and enter Gloucester Harbour you know you're going to make it, only 15 or 20 minutes to go, though that last part is just one wake after another and you're tired and sore and just want it to end. But finally the hooter hoots and in a few strokes you're on the beach."

The Challenge takes place on Saturday, July 13, this year.



Tribute to the Guides...

The majority of guideboat builders were guides, "the doctors of the wilderness" as memorialized in this excerpt from Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem *The Adirondacks*:

In Adirondac lakes,
At morn or noon, the guide rows
bare headed:
Shoes, flannel shirt and kersey trousers make
His brief toilette: at night, or in the rain,
He dons a surcoat which he doffs at morn:
A paddle in the right hand, or an oar.
And in the left, a gun, his needful arms.
By turns we praised the stature
of our guides,
Their rival strength and suppleness,
their skill
To row, to swim, to shoot, to build a camp,
To climb a lofty stem, clean without boughs
Full fifty feet, and bring the eaglet down:
Temper to face wolf, bear, or catamount,
And wit to trap or take him in his lair.
Sound, ruddy men, frolic and innocent,
In winter, lumberers; in summer, guides;
Their sinewy arms pull at the oar untired
Three times ten thousand strokes,
from morn to eve.
Look to yourselves, ye polished gentlemen!
No city airs or arts pass current here.
Your rank is all reversed: let men of cloth
Bow to the storkwart churls in overalls:
They are the doctors of the wilderness,
And we the low-prized laymen.



Cortez Fernando Moody, one of the guides for Emerson and "The Philosopher's Club" in 1858. This studio photograph was taken in the 1890s by G.F. Marvin, Keeseville, New York (Courtesy Adirondack Museum).

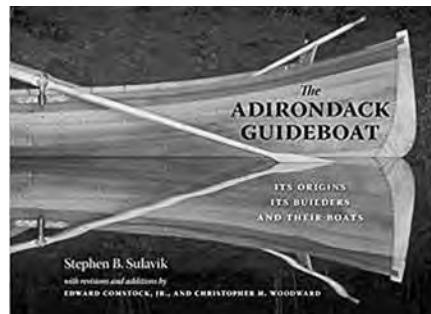


Book Reviews

The Adirondack Guideboat Its Origins, Its Builders & Their Boats

By Stephen B. Sulavik
With Revisions and Additions by Edward
Comstock, Jr and Christopher Woodward
Bauhan Publishing LLC
384 pp - \$40 Trade Paperback
ISBN 978-0-87233-260-7

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



What the Author Said...

"This book has been written not only to tell the story of this unique and admirable boat, but also to recognize and celebrate the inventiveness of its original builders and the singular culture of their time and place.

What the Publisher Says...

What started as a mid 19th century working boat for sportsmen and their guides has turned into an icon of the Adirondacks. Now its full story is being told in a lavishly illustrated book.

"It is hard to imagine that it could have come into existence anywhere else," says the introduction by author Stephen B. Sulavik. "Built from readily available eastern red spruce, northern white pine and northern white cedar, the Adirondack Guideboat represents the enduring legacy of a culture that was inherently appreciative of, dependent upon and bound up with the challenging environment of the Adirondacks."

This book was the life's work of Stephen Sulavik, a pulmonary surgeon fascinated by the guideboats. Upon his death it was shepherded into publication by his friend and former Chairman of the Board of the Adirondack Museum Robert Worth. He enlisted the help of historian Edward "Ted" Comstock and guideboat builder and expert Christopher Woodward to revise and complete the project.

More than a complete history of the iconic guideboats, the book is a heavily illustrated tribute to these unique vessels featuring distinctive characteristics (lake by lake

builder by builder), historic photographs, reproductions of paintings (including those of Winslow Homer), contemporary photos that appear plucked from a design magazine and a complete glossary of terms related to the Adirondack Guideboat."

What the Reviewer Says...

The author's remarks sum up this book, all about the Adirondack guideboat, and I mean all. If you are a devotee of this particular unique boat, this \$40, almost 400 page exhaustive story of the boat, its history, its builders and its details in all their many manifestations, is a keeper for sure. It is beautifully made (like the boats it celebrates), 8"x10" horizontal format, glossy coated heavy paper with an endless array of photos, black and white from the past, color from the present. It can pass for a coffee table book in appearance but the content makes it an outstanding source of information, a labor of love by an author who did not live to see it published, brought into print by dedicated friends who saw it as a valued history of an enduring special purpose small boat.

Part 1 chronicles "The History of the Adirondack Guideboat," Part 2 presents the "Guideboats and Their Builders" and Part 3 provides Guideboat Identification - Who Built That Guideboat?" The History is covered in 54 pages, the Builders (56 of them) take up 214 pages and all the little detail stuff about how each guideboat reflected its builder uses another 30 pages.

The guideboat devotee will find this all endlessly absorbing, while anyone who likes traditional small craft will find the history absorbing, essentially a chronicle of how this particular boat came into existence in the semi wild forested part of upstate New York prior to the Civil War. To me though, the best part was the 214 pages introducing the 56 builders (most no longer around, a handful carrying on today) starting in 1850. Important to note is that only those who built/build in the traditional manner are included, modern versions are not shared in the author's vision.

The author not only researched the lives of these unique boat builders but also tracked down still existing boats built by them. A native of Connecticut, he spent most of his later years before his death in the Adirondacks acquiring his information. The telling is fascinating, most of these builders were essentially woodsmen who became guides for wealthy New York summerers who arrived when the railroads reached the area, "sportsmen" who needed boats to get these clients to where they wanted to go, mainly to fish. The stories are of lives lived during a time when civilization was just encroaching on what was still a wilderness area conveniently accessible to rapidly growing eastern metropolitan areas by train.

I kinda went over the top with this review as I thought what the author put into his work deserving of an expanded review. Included from the book is Ralph Waldo Emerson's tribute to "the doctors of the wilderness" (the guides who served Emerson and his fellow city summerers), a sample of the detail drawings featured in the book, a selection of period photos that capture the ambiance of the Adirondack experience of the time and one of the Builder Profiles I found so absorbing.

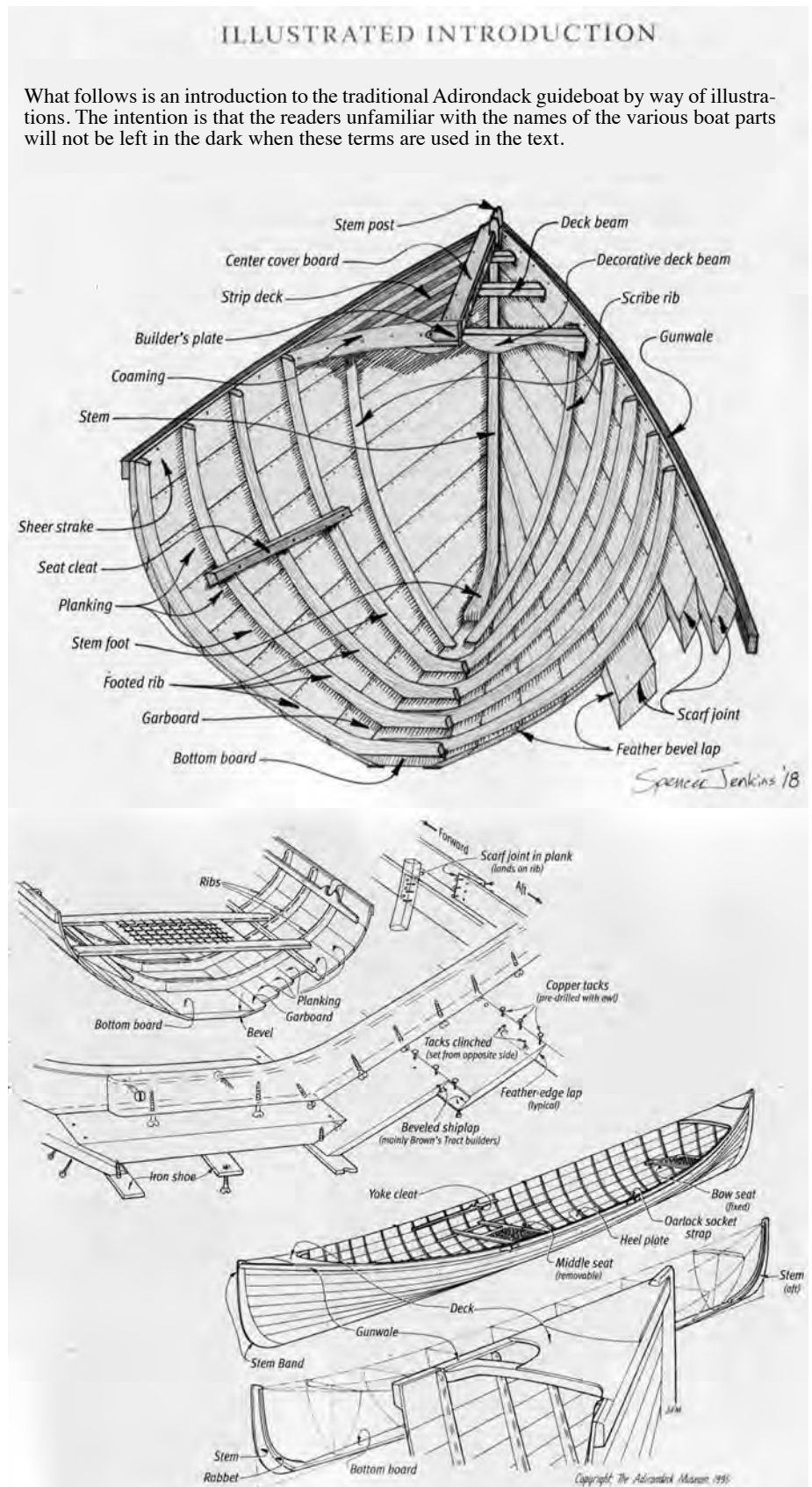
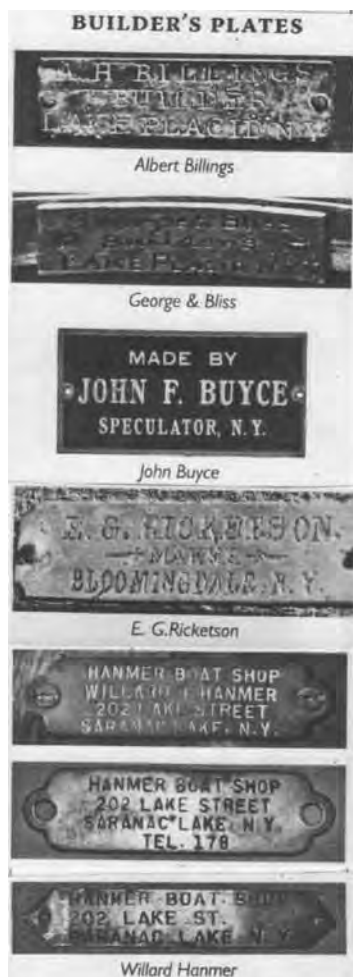
When I was first introduced to the book with advance publicity, I inquired of the pub-

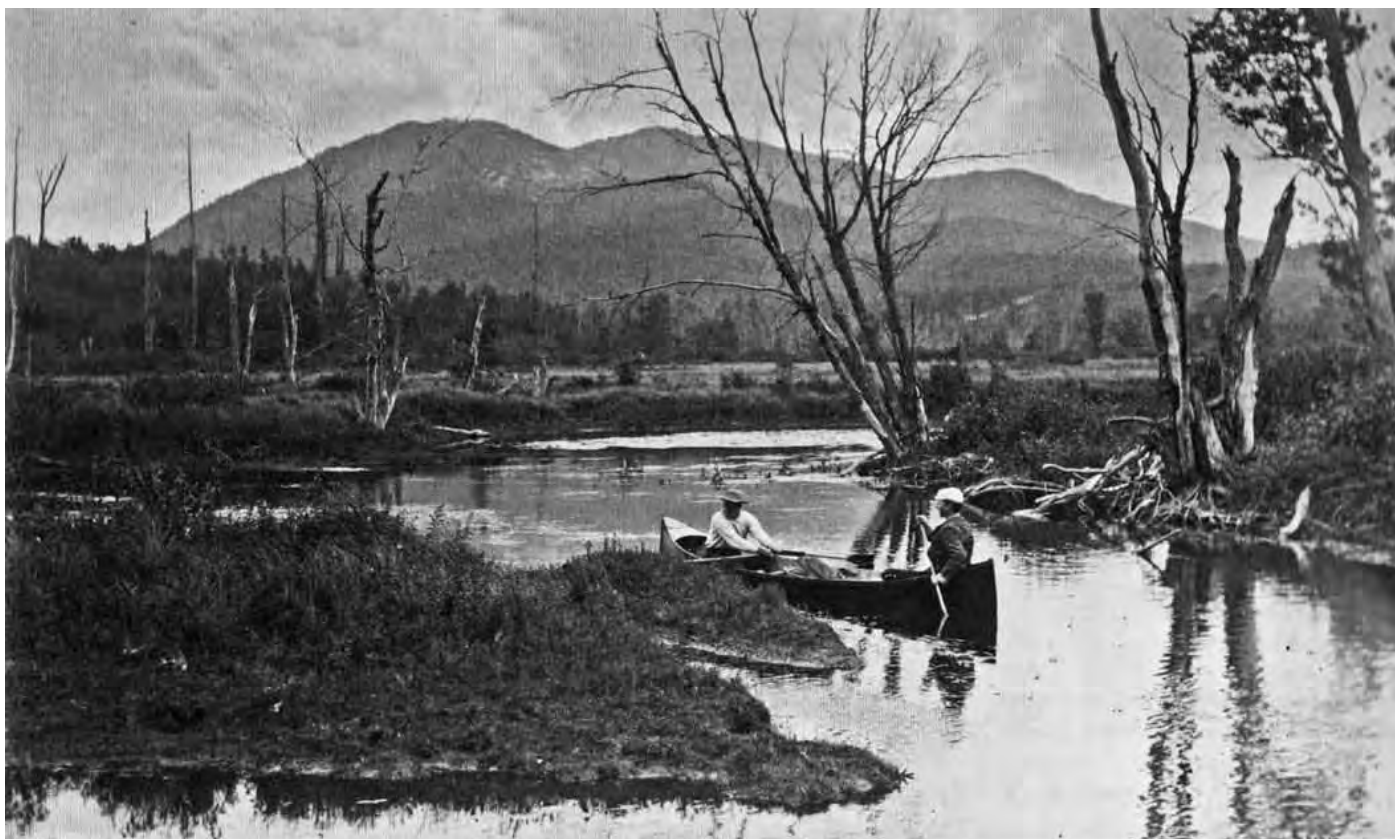
lisher about the absence of our long time supporter/booster and back cover advertiser, Adirondack Guideboat of N Ferrisburg, Vermont. I learned that the book's focus was exclusively on those who built (or build today) guideboats in the traditional fashion. Apparently AGB did not fit this focus. On the approved list are just six still building, one of whom, Christopher Woodward, actively participated in bringing this book to publication (for which I congratulate him) and has been building traditional guideboats since 1987 in Saranac Lake, New York.

My first experience with the Adirondack guideboat was seeing one atop its builder, Steve Kaulbak's Volkswagen in the early 1980s at the original Wooden Boat Show at Newport, Rhode Island. Steve was a one man builder who eventually took in a marketing partner, David Rosen, who in turn built up AGB to today's level. Today Adirondack Guideboat is owned and operated by the Martin brothers, Justin and Ian. They state that, "Our company has now built over 95% of all the guideboats ever built, which is not to take anything away from all the other hands that crafted these boats. Those were different times using different technologies."

Summing up This Book...

"When a man commits his thoughts to paper, arranges them well, writes them agreeably and furnishes pleasure to the reader he wisely uses both his leisure and his paper" (Cicero).





Stony Creek near Spectacle Ponds. Photograph by Seneca Ray Stoddard. (Courtesy of Adirondack Museum)



"The Way It Looks from the Stern Seat, an 1888 photograph by S.R. Stoddard, depicting cross handed rowing. (Courtesy of Adirondack Museum)

The Nickerson boathouse and shop, circa 1894, showing a mix of canoes, guideboats and skiffs. Nickerson is seated in the canoe on the right. Some of the canoes have protective carpets on the floors. (Courtesy of Adirondack Museum)



10 – *Messing About in Boats*, June 2019



"Raquette River at Sweeney Carry," 1888. Note the guide setting the boat down at the end of the carry. (Courtesy of Adirondack Museum)

The Seeber & Parsons boat shop, circa 1892. Left to right: Ira Parsons, Len Ingersoll, Theodore Seeber (seen over the raised guideboat), Riley Parsons (in the foreground) and Ben Parsons. The two guideboats in the foreground were evidently built during the early partnership period (1890-1892), before they had settled on a final model, since they have only two pairs of ribs beneath the decks, one scribe and one footed. The raised guideboat in the center is in the process of being planked. The label in the upper left reads: "Harold D. Ross, Photo Artist, Old Forge, N.Y." (Courtesy of Adirondack Museum)





Willard Hanmer builder's plates, located at center of the carlin or deck cap. (Courtesy of Woodward Boat Shop)



Willard J. Hanmer
(*North Country Life*,
Spring 1957)

WILLARD J. HANMER

Date of birth: June 30, 1902 (Saranac Lake, Franklin County)

Date of death: May 23, 1962 (Saranac Lake)

Active: 1927–1962

Location: Saranac Lake

Estimate of guideboats built: More than 100

Number Reviewed: 17

Builder's plate: 9

Adirondack Museum accessions: 69.195.1, 2015.35.1

Builder Profile: Willard Hanmer

Willard Hanmer was the seventh of eight children, born on June 30, 1902 to Theodore and Emma Hanmer of Saranac Lake. He began at the age of nine to learn boat building, starting with sticking tacks, sandpaperin ribs and caning seats. Like his father he was an avid hunter and fisherman. In 1926 he married Pauline Bennett from Maine. They had no children.

In 1927 at the age of 25 Willard took over most of the boat building responsibilities from his father. By 1930 he had built his own shop at 202 Lake Street, which he shared with his father. In *Requiem for a Craft*, Roland B. Miller described Willard's shop:

"It consisted of a yard and storage place for the pine or cedar planking, plus a cellar for the cold keeping of the stumps and larger roots of spruce from which the boat ribs and stems were cut. Over this cold storage room was his main shop with boats in various stages of construction. Overhead was a varnish and paint loft."

Willard began building boats at a time when power tools were becoming more readily available. Willard's admiration for

builders like his father, who relied on hand tools, is apparent in a 1959 interview with Kenneth Durant:

"There were no light, high speed wood-working machines in those days, such as I have in my shop today, and even hand tools like ratchet screwdrivers and better grade planes and chisels were not to be had. Even the sandpaper was of poor quality. In spite of all this, most of the boats built by these old timers were so well built that I wonder, when my last boat is completed, how well I will have qualified with those who have finished their boats and gone before me."

According to his sister Bessie, Willard built his last guideboat for Dr W. Richards of Columbia University. Dr Richards was scheduled to give Hanmer a medical examinations and collect his new guideboat on May 25, 1962. However, Willard had died of heart failure just two days earlier.

The decks of Willard's earliest guideboats were similar to his father's with strip decks and no coamings. There were, however, significant differences, all of Willard's

have seven strakes rather than eight and they do not have scribe ribs. Also his planks are $\frac{1}{4}$ " cedar (his father's were $\frac{3}{16}$ "") except the sheer strake, which is $\frac{3}{16}$ " and often made from western red cedar.

What is striking about Willard's boats is their variety over time. This is true of his stem posts, his decks, center cover boards and deck caps, and even his boat shapes. The later incorporation of handholds in his decks at bow and stern are, however, his most recognized innovation. He also started using wooden shoes in place of galvanized iron in the 1940s when iron became unavailable during World War II. He cast his own shortened oarlock straps at the same time.

How much did it cost to buy a Hanmer guideboat? Fortunately, in 1952 Willard recorded the prices he charged, 13' guideboat \$279.40, 14' guideboat \$290.40, 16' guideboat \$314.60.

Using guideboat construction methods and materials, Hanmer also built a number of square stern rowboats, canoes, a racing kayak and even a boat in the shape of an Irish currach.

Willard Hanmer outside his boat shop, now the Woodward Boat Shop. It has served as a boat shop for three generations of builders, Willard Hanmer, Carl Hathaway and currently Christopher Woodward. It is the oldest active guideboat building shop in the Adirondacks. (Courtesy of Woodward Boat Shop)



Willard Hanmer at work. (Courtesy of Adirondack Research Room, Saranac Free Library)



High above the Arctic Circle the Thomsen River is the northernmost canoeable river in North America. Flowing north through Aulavik National Park, the Thomsen provides an arctic oasis for wildlife. Most of the world's population of muskox can be found grazing near these riverbanks. Many other fascinating arctic species can be found here including the Peary Caribou, snow geese and the snowy owl. The Thomsen River valley has been used by ancient Inuit cultures for thousands of years. Archeological sites dot the landscape. Some ruins date back more than 4,000 years. Rich in history and wildlife, the Thomsen River offers an arctic experience like no other.

This river can only be accessed by air. We will land on a remote airstrip near the center of Banks Island. We will descend the river using Ally packable canoes to the mouth of the river at McClure Strait in the Arctic Ocean. The river descends almost 200 meters in just over 160 kilometers so the paddling is easy with gentle moving water, a few swifts and some shallower sections. Hiking opportunities are endless. Gentle sloping tundra hills lead from the river banks to the tundra plateaus above.

Although this is an extremely remote location, the Thomsen River is suitable for the novice arctic explorer. Experienced arctic travelers will still appreciate the exceptional wildlife and archeological sites. Some arctic camping experience is helpful but not essential. Advanced canoeing and backpacking skills are not required, just a sense of adventure and reasonable health and fitness for your age.

Trip Description

Our trip begins in the town of Inuvik, Northwest Territories. We will meet at the airport on the first day and will participate in a briefing and orientation session hosted by Parks Canada. The next day we will make our way to Banks Island, flying over the Mackenzie Delta and the Arctic Ocean. We will stop for a brief refueling in the community of Sachs Harbour and continue heading north. If weather and ice conditions permit we will land close to the southern boundary of the Aulavik National Park. After exploring the upper reaches of the Thomsen watershed on foot we will assemble our folding canoes and descend the river.

The Thomsen has some fast moving sections but any river features we might encounter are easily negotiated. Your guides will be able to provide the necessary coach-

Thomsen River Adventure

Contributed by Dick Winslow

(Editor Comments: Dick Winslow is our regular chronicler of his annual wilderness canoeing and rafting trips. By the time you are reading this preview of his 2019 adventure, Dick will be as far north as he had ever paddled under that midnight arctic sun. His report will appear in a fall issue.)

ing to allow you to safely maneuver your boat down the river. Depending on water levels, there may be several swifts and shallow areas of the river that we may need to scout or portage.

Each night we will camp beside the river. After camp is set up there will be time for hiking, photography or simply relaxing and taking in the arctic environment. Aulavik National Park is one of the best places in the world for viewing muskox. We may see the endangered Peary Caribou and the more common barren ground variety. Other mammals include arctic fox, wolves, arctic hare and lots of lemmings. The birding in this area is excellent with 43 species having been recorded here in the summer. Snowy Owls, hawks, gyrfalcons and Peregrine Falcons are highlights.

Throughout the trip you can expect a number of layover days so we can explore further from the river. As we near the mouth of the river only 100km south of the Arctic Ocean on the north coast of Banks Island the weather may be affected by the sea. Ice fog is possible and there can be visible tidal effects. Our charter aircraft will meet us here for the flight back to Inuvik. Upon our return we'll check back into the Arctic Chalet and prepare for flights home the next day.

About Inuvik

Inuvik is a small hamlet in the Mackenzie River delta in the Northwest Territories. This community lies on the east arm of the Mackenzie River only 100km south of the Arctic Ocean. The present day town site was established in 1954 under the name of "New Aklavik" after the old settlement of Aklavik on the west arm of the Mackenzie that was prone to flooding.

A Naval Radio Station was built and soon became known as CFS Inuvik. This

military radio signal interception station provided most of the employment in the Inuvik region. The station was closed in 1986, at which point the town became a hub for extensive oil and gas exploration in the Beaufort sea. With the completion of the Dempster Highway in 1979, Inuvik became the most northern town reachable by road. As of fall 2017 this highway was extended a further 140km to the community of Tuktoyaktuk.

Today Inuvik serves as a transportation hub for goods destined for more northern communities as well as a tourist hub for activities such as dogsledding, canoeing or viewing the Aurora Borealis. The community is primarily made up of Inuvialuit, descendants of the Thule who migrated to the area from the Alaskan coast. English is spoken throughout the town but the primary language remains Inuvialuktun.

Inuvik has a modern school, a Parks Canada Office, a large and (usually) well stocked grocery store as well as large modern hospital among other services. It serves as the health-care and educational center for all western arctic communities. There are several churches including the most northerly mosque in North America and the famed "Lady Victoria" or "igloo" church. There are several hotels and restaurants as well as recreational facilities including an NHL size hockey rink and a swimming pool with water slide.

Human History

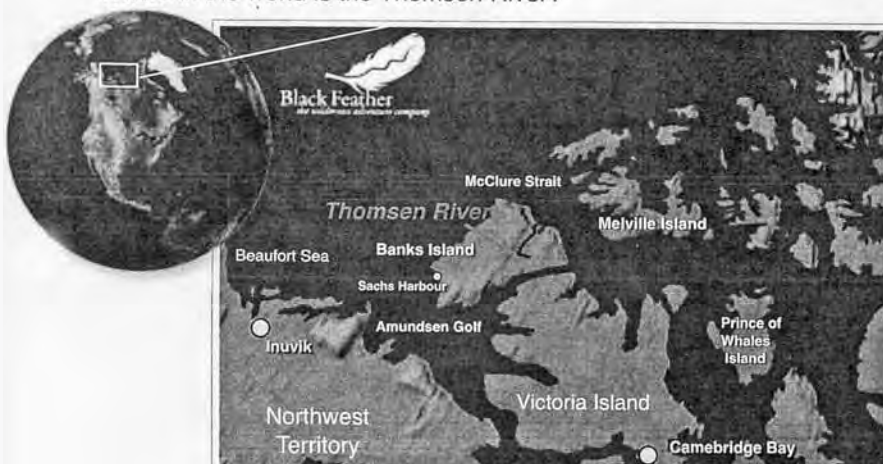
The cold clear waters of the Thomsen River flow north across Banks Island into the Arctic Ocean. At almost 74° north latitude it is the northernmost navigable river in North America. The Thomsen is situated in the center of Aulavik National Park. Aulavik is an Inuvialuktun word meaning "the place where people travel." This region has provided shelter and good hunting grounds to ancient and more modern civilizations.

Evidence of pre Dorset, Dorset and Thule cultures can be found scattered throughout the vast landscape. Archeological sites such as tent rings, sod house ruins, meat caches and bone piles date back as far as 4,000 years. Of note is the site known as "Head Hill" where hundreds of muskox skulls lie today as the result of centuries of hunting. During this time period nomadic Inuit groups used the Thomsen watershed for summer and winter survival. The shores of Banks Island provided rich sea hunting in the summer months for the Inuvialuit and Copper Inuit, dating back about 500 years.

Evidence of more modern European exploration is evident as well, including remains for the *HMS Investigator* that was abandoned in 1850 after being stuck in sea ice for two years at Mercy Bay. The Thomsen River was named for Charles Thomsen who froze to death just two days journey west of Mercy Bay in the winter of 1916-17. Thomsen's body was found by Aarnout Castet. Both men were part of a Canadian Arctic Expedition. Thomsen and another member of the expedition had been trying to take provisions to a group of expedition members camped at Liddon Gulf on Melville Island.

It is not known exactly what happened as both Thomsen and his companion died at Mercy Bay without having reached Melville Island. Some suggested that it did not appear that starvation was a factor. Banks Island was named in honor of Sir Joseph Banks in 1920 after being spotted by William Parry from Melville.

Where in the world is the Thomsen River?



Flora and Fauna

The Thompsen River valley is also an arctic oasis for wildlife. Banks Island is home to the endangered Peary Caribou, two thirds of the world's population of snow geese and three quarters of the world's muskox population as well as arctic fox, arctic hare, arctic wolves and polar bears. There is also a healthy population of the elusive Snowy Owl. Expect to see many birds of prey. Banks Island was the site of the world's first wild born grizzly/polar bear hybrid.

Situated well above the tree line, the vegetation is sparse. Many grasses and arctic wildflowers can be found along the rolling tundra hills. In the summer months with flowers in bloom, purple saxifrage and arctic cotton grass colour the hillsides. The scrub willow is the only tree like plant and grows only in sheltered places near the river. This tundra landscape allows for wonderful unobstructed vistas, all under the glow of the mid-night arctic sun.



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They Can Seat

They can seat my toe nails, an absurd thought as I sailed from the harbour entrance with my foot on the gunnel, toes in the air. Crazy, eh? But there I was with that thought when I should have had my mind on other things, like the dock and piles I was approaching or the sport fishermen coming and going.

Before I left the dock I noticed a timid little fellow about five or six standing on the dock looking into *Red Top*. Next to him stood his uncle. After saying hello to the little one, the little guy asked if I fished from my boat while sailing. So, of course, I stopped what I was doing and gave him the time of day.

He talked so softly his uncle had to repeat his questions for me a couple of times. Nice little fellow, polite, respectful. I would imagine he has a promising life ahead of him, one where children are encouraged to ask questions of their elders, not being told to be quiet and not bother the old folks. Good on him and his uncle.

I went and parked my truck and while walking back down the dock the fishing crowd was leaving with their one fish cleaned and bagged. Earlier they had the two boys hold the fish while taking a picture. The elder of the crowd, a grey head like me, stopped and said they had a small sailboat similar to mine on the East Coast when he was a kid, said as well he sees me out and about.

Nice clean friendly banter between a sailor and a very successful group of fishermen and two young boys. Had they been skunked, they would have been just as successful.

Port Aransas Plywooden Boat Show is Here

The Port Aransas Plywooden Boat Show is here, the fifth annually held event. Pretty neat events these small boat shows are. For years and years and years I had always wanted to go to the Wooden Boat show up in the Pacific Northwest, but I still have not made it.

I have been to each and every show here locally. It's always a nice thing, mostly good weather, although last year one of the days it got a bit cool.

I'll be taking my NED sailing dinghy. My version of it anyway. I never can seem to leave well enough alone. I end up implementing a small change and before ya know it I've got another boat named after me.



The designer of the NED is to be there as well. Uh oh! I'll just have to keep my fingers crossed. I've read some real horror stories of people changing things on the designer. They, the designers, don't like it at times. Other times blessings are given. Time will tell, I've not long to wait.

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

The little fellow is sitting in the back of my truck right now as I write. Earlier, while prepping the dinghy, first on the list was flipping it back over right side up. I was telling my wife about it. The dreams started floating up and out of it as if while upside down they were trapped. And then off and running my mind was filled once again. Inspired? Oh yes, very much so.

We'll see how it goes. It should be nice.



The Port Aransas Plywooden Boat Show is in Full Swing

Today being the second day and I'm up against again the itch that wants scratched. Some of you can relate. This itch started many a year ago in my youth. While surfing as a young teenager, surfing was what I wanted to do. I only attended one surfing contest in my "career" as a surfer. It didn't pay well, by the way, there was always a need for a side job, still is. Watching the surfing contest made me want to go surfing, not sit on a beach and watch others get all the waves. That itch to ride waves needed scratching. Like minded friends and I went surfing.

I'm finding the same itch here again that surfaces from time to time. Whether it's carving wood, surfing, sailing, building small sailboats, the desire is in the doing, not standing around talking about it. Oh, the camaraderie is fine but the builders showing their fine handicraft leave me far, far behind in workmanship and beauty.

An example, my first Paradox build launched a few short months before this ensuing conversation at the launch ramp.

Woman at the ramp, "Nice boat, how many years have you owned it?"

Me, "Just finished building it a few months back."

Woman at the ramp, "Oh."

That first Paradox was sold to an appreciative fellow up in Maine who made the trip to south Texas to pick it up. We've kept in contact and have a lot in common. He may even sell the Paradox back to me someday. And I've considered the trip worthy of the endeavor. I doubt the wife would come along.

While he was here a snow storm hit his area and he had to get back to the small farm he has. Sent me a picture later with a foot of snow atop the Paradox. A little roughness never bothered him a bit.

Talking to my wife already this morning and it's decided, with her encouragement, I'm going to the shop and work on the itch for the better part of the day, an upcoming trip needs to be gotten ready for.

The show boats, don't get me wrong, are beautiful, fine, fine works of art. But for me, I don't think I'd accept an offer to crew in one,

I'd be afraid to scratch it. Not the same kind of scratching an itch that I'm used to.

So...

"So how'd you like the boat show Mike?" a friend asked in a text.

I replied, "Good you missed it. Hula dancers, go go girls and drag queens." A long stretch of the imagination might be in order.

My brother asked me much the same question, I answered him a little differently, "I think it's waning." But as this is just a personal opinion it's not worth much.

The afternoon wind shift came from the north and strong. The weather service had it at gusts past 30. The shade canopies were soon down and some ruined. Sails dropped quickly as well. Cris had his 15' sharpie in the water earlier giving some rides, I missed out. He was happy he sailed to the ramp first sign of the wind coming up as it did. The weekend powerboaters don't understand how sailboats work, which didn't help matters any on his end of the tiller.

The hot dogs being sold by a lone women were so good I almost took my wife back for one, the ferry wait nixed that idea. The people friendly as usual, helpful as well. Rising to help whenever a call went out for help. Always a good thing.

Me being mostly deaf, I wasn't able to make the best of the seminars being presented. On one about building boats on the cheap, I was able to shag a seat up front within earshot. With the wind change and a big bbq going the smoke started killing me and I had to cut that short. Oh well.

It was a nice time all in all. New friends, old ones kept, so far so good.

I Didn't Sail...

I didn't sail today, but I did yesterday. I was out for better than three hours, not much actually but still nice. The weather fellow said it was coming in from the south, at times rising to 23mph. I decided to leave the harbour and head east mostly. I'd thought about crossing over to the other side of Aransas Bay near San Jose Island. That changed with the first tack putting the wind off the port bow. It was then the destination changed. One can do that sailing on a whim.

With the south wind blowing the way it was, I'd left the dock with full sail, stopped along the way, putting in the first reef, with this port tack things got pretty busy very quickly. The wind waves were getting up, little white pony's dancing toward me, *Red Top* rolling in the small swells, the sun glistening and reflecting. The water was kinda grey, the combination of wind and water had me donning my foul weather top, the dollops that found my pants had me considering lowers as well.

I chose to go back in at the first cut, leading into Este's flats, a small channel through which I've been many times. The water being low had me wondering if I'd be able to go the way I wanted. The alternative was a short ride back to the harbour. I wanted the longer ride across the flats. I was given the longer ride back to the ramp.

I was stepping off onto the dock just when a fishing guide I know happened by, followed by his clients. He'd passed me out on the water coming in. "Hey Wildman," he said, walking to the fish cleaning station carrying a cooler of yet to be cleaned fish. Not sure where that comes from, but him and another guide pass along the compliments from time to time.

It was a nice sail.

Last Tack At The Needles

Extract from DCA Bulletin #179, p. 46

Log No. 145/2 in the Wayfarer Cruising Library, UKWA

by Richard Gooderick

ALTHOUGH THE westerly wind had risen to a force 5 or 6, our 16-foot Wayfarer was comfortable under a well-reefed main and genoa. A four hour beat against the Solent chop, and a passage through the rip at Hurst Narrows were behind us. In comparison, the Channel seas were big, long and regular. We had survived the excitement of the williwaws coming off the Needles and the wind was now strong but steady. The Bridge Buoy was close by, fine on the starboard bow. One last tack would allow us to reach south across the Needles and then bear away for St Catherine's Point, 15 miles downwind. We thought the hardest part of the trip was almost over and that we could soon relax.

90 minutes later all three of us were in a giant Sikorsky helicopter en route to the Haslar Military hospital at Gosport. Rob and I were cold: Kris had severe hypothermia. What had gone wrong?

Rob Golding and I sail out of Hayling Island Sailing Club. We both had ambitions to cruise Scotland in Rob's boat. As part of the preparation we would sail around the Isle of Wight, in company with other Wayfarers. I asked Kris, a rowing friend, to join us and he jumped at the chance. It promised to be a very enjoyable weekend.

We arrived at the club on Friday to sail to Calshot where we would meet the other boats. The three day synoptic chart over the previous week had shown high pressure on the continent. A low was now halfway across the Atlantic and looked to start affecting us by Friday, consolidating slowly on Saturday as it moved in but not producing any winds to worry about until Sunday. Just about perfect really.

The last gasp of the continental high gave us an easterly force 2 and a pleasant run down the Solent. We motor-sailed the last mile against a freshening Westerly breeze. The low was beginning to move in.

Later that evening the forecast gave a westerly force 4 to 5, occasionally 6 off headlands, backing to southwest later. We did not want a 6 but apart from that it was a good forecast for a fast passage. We retired for an all too brief sleep with our alarm clocks set for 04.00.

Like zombies we packed our kit into the boat as dawn broke and were off by 05.20, in plenty of time to make the Needles by 09.45. It was blowing a force 4 and so, for comfort's sake, we stopped to put a reef in the main. A fitting pulled off the boom but it did not take long to get the sail down and lash up the clew. However, from being the first boat in our group to depart we had lost a lot of ground and were almost tail-end charlie.

With the reefed main, and a combined weight of over 40 stone on the windward rail, we were going well and catching up with some of our companions. We cracked open the packed breakfasts off Lymington

and devoured our sausage sandwiches, spiced with an occasional dollop of seawater. The wind was getting up so we put the second reef in off Yarmouth which brought the head of the mainsail down level with the head of the genoa. It was a snug rig and we had no problems going through the overfalls in Hurst Narrows. Our back-up pump was not needed as the self-bailers were coping well with the occasional lump of water that found its way into the boat.

I should note at this point that we were not tacking well for two reasons. Rob's tacking was slow and not very positive.



Richard Gooderick, author and crew



Rob Golding, skipper

To compound this Kris and I were having difficulty in getting cleanly from one side of the boat to the other. With a cascade kicker and centre mainsheet arrangement (Rob races his boat) the 'hole' that we had to dive through was too small. The system we evolved was that on the preparatory command I (the forward crew) would duck down amidships, wait for the tack and then release the jib whilst making my way through the hole, closely followed by Kris. It worked well but it did put us in a vulnerable position whilst waiting for the tack.

On approaching Alum Bay we had a couple of problems. The retaining ring had fallen out of the clevis pin that secures the mainsheet block to the back of the centreboard case. We quickly dropped the main. Rob and Kris made the repair whilst I steered her to windward under jib. After that we probably got closer into the shore than we needed to and caught some strong williwaws coming off the Needles. One of them put the side deck under water when Kris was on the downside, taking a leak into the bucket, and Rob could not dump the mainsheet in time. At this point Rob suggested that we turn back and Kris concurred.

I suggested that we tack out to the Bridge Buoy to see if conditions improve. It was only just coming up to 09.00, we were almost there and had more than half an hour in hand before the tide turned. I could understand Rob's apprehension because he thought that the gusts coming off the cliffs equalled the strength of the wind outside the Needles. I was surprised that Kris wanted to turn back but I did not realise that his waterproofs were leaking and that he was starting to get cold. Sure enough the wind became smoother as we headed out of the bay. The bailers worked well and within a couple of minutes the bilges were empty again. We had a steady force 6 and the boat was very well behaved. We had left the Solent chop behind and were now in the regular seas of the English Channel. It was a lot of fun.

One last tack would allow us to bear away and reach across past the Needles before bearing away again for St Catherine's. We discussed what to do next and everyone was happy to continue so a group decision was made to carry on. We had slogged our way upwind in poor conditions and would soon be able to relax and raid the larder.

Rob gave the preparatory command to tack and I ducked down towards the centreline of the boat, waiting for what seemed a minute or more. From this position it was difficult to tell what was going on with the boat but I had the impression that we had slowed down, and then we started to heel. Instinctively I threw myself up to the high side. As I did this I realised that we were going past the point of no return and I dropped into the water so that my weight would not pull the boat upside down.

But the boat inverted immediately. There was no in-between, will she, won't she; just one continuous roll from upright to inverted. The time was about 09.15.

We all felt the same as we started to go over: 'been

here before; no problem, get her up, get the sails down, bale her out and sail back to Lymington under genoa with the tide and wind behind us'. It was not to be.

Kris had managed to get over the top onto the centreboard. I was lying alongside the centreboard case, inside the boat. Kris pulled Rob up onto the board and I shouted through that I would be scooped up as the boat came upright. As it came up Rob shouted to me to release the jib. My first instinct as the boat came upright was to balance the boat but I realised that this would be impossible if the jib was still cleated. However the spinnaker and sheets had been stowed loose and were now plastered all over the swamped boat. The boat was already rolling over again and I could not find the sheet in the very short amount of time available.

Once again we were all in the water next to the capsized boat. Rob managed to get his fingers into the centreboard slot and pull himself onto the top of the upturned hull. I tried but was unable reach the slot, probably because of the amount of wet fleece clothing that I was wearing. I asked Rob if there were any other Wayfarers still visible and suggested that he attract their attention whilst still on the upturned hull, before we tried to right it (one of my better suggestions). Having done this we managed to pull the boat up but it rolled over again and inverted immediately. There was absolutely no time to release sheets or retrieve emergency gear from inside the boat.

We were now too weak to pull the boat upright again, or even to get onto the upturned hull to attract attention. The situation was serious. The other Wayfarer that we had signalled to now arrived and we asked them to contact the coastguard on their VHF radio.

In the meantime, Kris had been giving cause for concern. Once the first recovery attempt had failed, and we were alongside the boat together, he was making some very strange noises. I thought that he might be having a heart attack. After the second recovery attempt he started to look very unhappy with the situation and made it clear that he was cold and wanted out of it. The other Wayfarer was willing to pick him up if he would swim away from our boat, because the sea was too rough for them to come near us without risk of injury but he would not let go of our boat. In retrospect, I thank God that he did not as he was already very cold, was wearing inadequate clothing with Wellingtons and he did not have his lifejacket inflated; it is possible that he would have gone under and drowned.

I do not know just how long we had been in the water before I realised that Kris did not have an inflated lifejacket. Both Rob and I were wearing buoyancy aids and were therefore getting support in the water (and some insulation too, no doubt). I am sure that this was part of the reason why Kris got hypothermia so badly. Not only was he using up more energy by hanging on and treading water to keep himself afloat but he was also, for some time, holding



Sikorsky CH-3 transport helicopter, named the 'Jolly Green Giant' when in Vietnam livery, also produced as the Sikorsky CH-3E 'Sea King' production model.

The HH-3E variant was specifically designed for Combat Search & Rescue (CSAR), which required long operational ranges, loitering times and hovering qualities.

The CH-3E 'Sea King' production model was selected for conversion to the CSAR role across fifty airframes in total.

onto the leeward side of the boat. The moving boat and the wave crests were ducking him under and he swallowed quite a bit of water. Furthermore he had become panicky when his legs got tangled in ropes.

I told Kris to inflate his life jacket but he could not, presumably because he was becoming hypothermic. Rob was closer to him but could not do so either because he was not familiar with the lifejacket (Crewsaver) and did not know that there was a 'jerk to inflate' tab tucked away inside. Luckily I have the same make of lifejacket, found the tab and pulled it to inflate the jacket.

Our companions in the other boat indicated that the lifeboat would be coming and later indicated that it would be with us in five minutes. In the meantime the situation was now stabilising but serious. Kris was in a worse state than either Rob or I but neither of us realised just how serious he was. The other Wayfarer sailed very close by and grabbed Kris to try to drag him away and pull him on board but he clung onto our boat.

A couple of yachts had sailed towards us and thankfully kept their distance. They were not very manoeuvrable and would need expert handling in order to save us without injury. One of them stood by and liaised with the coastguard by radio (their masthead aerial was more efficient than the handheld one on the Wayfarer). Meanwhile we three were re-enacting a scene from the film *The Cruel Sea*, asking each other if we were OK and keeping up morale. Kris kept telling us to 'breathe deeply'. Personally, I did not feel cold. I felt like a battery that was slowly running out of power.

After a while, when we were on top of a wave, we could see a boat approaching. It did not look much like a lifeboat to me and I had visions of an amateur helmsman with twin screw diesels making mincemeat of us in short time. Luckily it was a dive boat on charter to a team from the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst with a senior diving instructor and oxygen equipment on board. Saved by the Cavalry!

At the first pass they threw a line which Rob got hold of and used to pull himself to the boat. They had

to circle round again to get a line to me, which took a few minutes. This time they asked us both to use the line. Kris and I had a hotel-doorway conversation: 'You go first Kris', 'No, you go first Richard', 'No, you go', 'No, I'm quite warm, really', 'Oh, all right then, I'm not going to hang around here any longer'. I passed the line to Kris, so that he had hold of it, and then pulled myself to the dive boat.

I got myself up the ladder, unassisted, through the open transom onto the cockpit sole. However, once in the boat and safe, I could not support the weight of my torso with my arms and had to paddle my body across the floor with my arms and legs. It was a minute or two before I had the strength to sit up.

Meanwhile Kris was close behind me and had to be pulled on board by the crew. They gave us both coffee from a thermos flask but Kris started throwing up and then lapsed into unconsciousness and started to convulse. The crew administered oxygen from a mask and got him into the wheelhouse. Rob was cold but standing and jumping up and down to keep warm. He was the oldest of the three of us but appeared to be in best shape. We had been in the water for between 45 minutes and one hour.

By now the dive boat was heading back into the Solent and the Lymington inshore lifeboat arrived. They pulled alongside (at about 20 knots) and one of the crew stepped on board. After checking us out he was concerned about the condition that Kris was in and decided to call the helicopter.

The next few minutes were very like being in a scene from a film. The dive boat was steaming to windward off Yarmouth at about 20 knots with the lifeboat close by on a parallel course. A huge Sikorsky chopper pulled up only 40 feet or so above the water directly behind us and dropped a winch man on his wire who grabbed the pushpit and stepped aboard. Rob and I were first to go up in a double sling, followed by Kris and the winch man. The view was great.

Inside, the helicopter was huge; I guess big enough to carry 20 people. Rob and I crawled to the back as instructed (it's all done in sign language, because of the noise, which made the experience even more unreal) and Kris was attended to by the crewman and

winch man. He was completely unconscious again. His convulsions were so strong that he was having to be restrained by both of the crew.

By now it was a fine, sunny day and I could see rows of neat homes and gardens below us on the Isle of Wight. Such a stark contrast to our predicament only minutes beforehand. I hoped that Kris was going to be OK. His condition was very worrying. An ambulance and crew awaited us on the hospital lawn. As we walked out of the helicopter it felt like a scene from MASH. They had to stretch Kris, of course. Rob and I both had visions of hot baths but our core temperatures were normal and we got blankets and a cup of tea instead.

Kris's core temperature had dropped to 34 degrees (it should be almost 37) and he got the full treatment; hot saline drips, oxygen, insulating blankets. The main thing was that he was stable and now conscious again. Rob and I could leave. For me it was an unnerving experience.

Many of my assumptions about the stability of the boat when capsized, appropriate clothing and safety gear had completely changed. I also realised that I had made an error of judgement about the strength of the crew as the conditions worsened.

So what went wrong? Clearly we made mistakes. I do not feel that any of them would have been serious if we could have pulled the boat upright. I was shocked at the speed with which it inverted three times. An analysis of the experience can be broken down as follows:

Factors that led to the capsize

Helming Error. Out of the three of us, Rob is probably the weakest helmsman yet he had been at the helm for four hours. We should probably have suggested that Kris take the helm.

Sloppy Tacking Procedure. Rob was not giving clear 'ready about' and 'lee-oh' orders. This would have helped. There were long delays between preparing to go about and going about.

Bad Crew Co-ordination. Kris and I were having problems in co-ordinating our movement from one side of the boat to the other initially. This was because there was so little space to pass between the cascade kicker and the centre mainsheet. We had to go through one after the other. Kris was also cold which may have slowed down his reaction time.

The State of the Sea and Wind. The wind was force 5 to 6. We were well reefed down under genoa and main with two reefs. We were pointing and going well. The Wayfarer that stood by us for one hour was tacking backwards and forwards, as far as I am aware, without problem. In a well-crewed boat it is unlikely that we would have capsized. However, with a bit of bad luck anybody could capsize in these conditions. I do not know what the height of the waves were. I would guess 6 feet (without much

confidence). However they were big enough that the mast of the capsized boat in a trough would be well below the boat on the face of the wave. If the boat is then moved forward by the wave, the mast and sail are driven under into the inverted position very quickly. I am guessing that this was what happened.

Factors that led to hypothermia

Clothing. The kit that Kris was wearing was not adequate but would have been just about good enough if we had not capsized. However once we had gone into the water his clothing was seriously inadequate.

Life jacket. Rob and I were wearing buoyancy aids. These supported us as we tried to right the boat and probably gave some insulation. Kris was wearing a life jacket which he did not inflate.

Panic. He was wearing heavy Wellington boots and his legs were getting caught up in ropes. This made him panicky which burned energy.

Time in Water. When the Sandhurst divers threw the rope to Rob he grabbed it and pulled himself to their boat. We should have got Kris out of the water first but having said that, neither Rob nor I realised just how seriously hypothermic he had become.

Factors that inhibited self-recovery

The Wayfarer inverted without pausing on the capsize on each of the two times that we righted her.

We did not have any masthead buoyancy. The boat was loaded with quite a bit of gear. Various containers were lashed under the seats, which may have had an effect on buoyancy.

We could not get access to our VHF or our flares from the upturned boat. I was unable to climb onto the upturned hull. Rob had made up two rope ends from plaited anchor warp which he tied to the shroud plates to use as hauling lines in the event of a capsize. These would have been very useful if the boat had rested with the mast level with the water. However, with the boat inverted, they were not long enough to throw across the upturned hull.

Rob had taken the centreboard out to check it for damage and had painted it up. However he had not adjusted the tensioner properly and the board would not stay in its down position when the boat was inverted i.e. it fell back into the slot. The loose spinnaker gear in the waterlogged boat made it very difficult for me to find the jammed jib sheet in the short amount of time that the boat was upright.

Issues for consideration

Should we have turned back sooner? Probably. I persuaded the other two to continue when we were in Alum Bay because I thought that they were

suggesting a return for the wrong reasons. Having said that, we had only a few minutes to go before these considerations would have been history i.e. the helming would have been much easier off the wind and Kris could have warmed up by eating some food and sheltering out of the wind.

Capsize and You're Dead. None of us realised that we would not be able to right the boat. I feel that this is the main factor that gave rise to our predicament. I wonder how many others have sailed a loaded Wayfarer in rough seas on the assumption that they can right it themselves if they capsize.

No emergency equipment. Because the VHF radio and flares were in the boat they were inaccessible.

Usefulness of Life jackets. I question the usefulness of Life jackets for open boat cruising. With a buoyancy aid on you will burn less energy and stand more chance of self-rescue. It will also insulate you.

Appropriate Clothing. The ideal clothing has to keep you warm and has to be light both out of and in the water.

Lessons Learned

With the benefit of hindsight I would make a note of the following:

- Enough masthead and sail head buoyancy to ensure that the boat will lie on its side when capsized.
- A buoyancy aid with pockets for flares, VHF, GPS and EPIRB
- Give more consideration to the overall strength of the crew. If we had swapped Kris for Rob at the helm we might have kept Kris warmer and given Rob a rest. The boat would probably have been sailed more effectively.
- Pay more attention to the clothing that the crew are wearing
- Use a transom sheeting system, not centre sheeting, because it is easier to move from one side of the boat to the other
- Attract attention from passing boats before one is too weak to climb onto an upturned hull
- Sail in company when possible
- Store main flare supply where it can be got at if boat is inverted
- Sail together more often before doing anything too challenging
- Get the weakest crew member out of the water first when rescued
- Wear appropriate clothing. The trouble is that I still don't know what this is. It wants to be light and warm both out of the water and in it. Capsizes happen so rarely when cruising that I cannot see myself wearing something like a dry suit all day, even after this experience.

- Practise righting the boat in waves. This would be a good idea but I am unlikely to do it in practice. Maybe the Wayfarer Association could sponsor some tests eg by taking a loaded Wayfarer out in a blow with a crew in drysuits.

- Fit longer hauling lines. These were a great idea and could have made big difference if they were longer.

- Carry a knife on my person. I could then have cut the jib sheet to release the sail. I tried feeling my way along the foot but could not reach the cleat to release the sheet.

- Ensure that the helm keeps the boat sailing fast and flat through tacks, handles the boat positively and gives clear commands.

- Carry car keys and credit cards on my person, not in the boat.

- Improve the lashings for stowage bottles in the boat.

- Have everything in the cockpit neatly stowed away and secured so that it cannot cause a tangle if the boat capsizes.

- Sail very conservatively in waves. Even with masthead buoyancy I suspect that recovery from a capsize is going to be difficult.

- Practise capsizing more often. I have not capsized a Wayfarer for more than 20 years. I had spent a whole season in Scotland teaching sailing in Wayfarers, including a capsize drill for up to 20 students every week and thought that I knew all that I needed to. I probably do, but a 'refresher course' would not have done any harm. Rob and I had discussed capsize drill before our Scottish trip, but we would not have done it with a fully-loaded boat in waves.

- I now understand (from anecdotal accounts) that wooden Wayfarers are less prone to inverting than GRP versions. If this is true, I will stick with my wooden boat. RG



The Needles

Wander Bird

While I was working at my desk one day, the phone rang. A totally, unknown to me, voice asked if this was "Onkel Connie" talking? Onkel Connie? That sounded typically German but the voice on the phone didn't have a German accent. Who could this possibly be? The man on the other end of the phone call soon identified himself. He was Warwick Thompson Jr, the son of Warwick Thompson who had bought a Hamburg pilot schooner in Germany in the early 1930s and, together with his wife, had sailed it from Hamburg, Germany, to Boston. This pilot schooner was later renamed *Wander Bird*.

Warwick had called me from California because he had met our nephew Ramses Erdtmann in the San Francisco area. He had asked Ramses if he knew anyone who might be able to help him sail *Wander Bird* from the US back to Germany. Ramses had told him, "call my Onkel Connie in Connecticut. He has a German Captain's and Celestial Navigator's License, speaks fluent German and French and has sailing experience in the English Channel and in Europe. He can help you sail *Wander Bird* back to Europe."

This turned out to be the Warwick Thompson Jr, from the book we had read to our children years earlier titled, *Two Children Sail Around Cape Horn*, which tells the story of how his father and mother plus their two young children, Warwick and his sister, sailed *Wander Bird* from Boston down the East Coast of the US, the east coast of South America, rounded Cape Horn and then sailed back north until they arrived at their new home port, San Francisco. Years later *Wander Bird* had been sold by the Thompsons and it had passed through the hands of several subsequent owners and by now was slowly deteriorating.

Warwick Thompson Jr wanted to save *Wander Bird* from further deterioration. He wanted to see his old ship/floating home back in Hamburg, Germany, as a living representative of days gone by when these pilot schooners brought Elbe River pilots to incoming ships at the mouth of the Elbe River whose ultimate destination was the Port of Hamburg, far upstream. He had already contacted various German organizations to see if they might want to take on such a project.

Warwick asked me if I might be able to give him some further contacts in addition to those he named. I was able to give him the names and addresses of several major North German Yacht Clubs that had very wealthy members as well as the names and addresses of other German organizations he might contact.

Warwick's idea was to sail *Wander Bird* from Seattle, Washington, back to Hamburg, Germany, and asked if I might be willing to join the crew as joint navigator/language expert/experienced sailor. My answer was an enthusiastic, "Yes, when?" He and I stayed in touch for several months on this project. Finally he called to tell me that though he had been successful and had found a German organization who wanted to take on the *Wander Bird* project, they were going to have *Wander Bird* shipped back to Hamburg as deck cargo on a freighter. So there went my last opportunity to finally cross the Atlantic under sail.

Wander Bird, now back in Hamburg, has been given a total rebuild and is seaworthy again. She has her old Hamburg Pilot ship number, *Elbe 5*, and is being used to take

Sailing Adventures

Part 3 - Conclusion

By Conbert Benneck

people on cruises on the Elbe River. Details of how it was shipped and what *Elbe 5* looks like today after the complete restoration can be found on YouTube.



A Visit from Poseidon A Hot Summer Day Fantasy

On a hot, 90° early summer day in 2005 I had towed *Leppo* to Lake Pocotopaug in Connecticut and was preparing to launch it. We had dock space at the small marina on the lake and therefore could go sailing anytime. First I had to rig the boat and then use the East Hampton town launch ramp to put *Leppo* in the water. The launch ramp was only about 100' away from my dock space.

The now very familiar launch drill began. You know how it goes, take the outboard motor out of the back of the VW station wagon and hang it on the lift motor mount and tighten the clamps. Climb up the short ladder into the cockpit and sort out the rigging on the mast that was still horizontal. Are the shrouds all clear? Are the main and the jib halyards on the proper sides of the mast? Is everything ready and clear for raising the mast?

I put the mast bolt through the mast step and the foot of the mast, pushed the mast up and held it in place with the jib halyard in a cam cleat on the cabin top so that I could attach the forestay to the bow fitting and tension it. I pulled the boom with the furled mainsail out of the cabin, and attached it to the mast. I rigged the boom topping lift and attached the mainsheet. The mainsail slugs were fed, one by one, into the slot in the mast. With all of them in place I closed the slide gate, then attached the boom downhaul.

I got more gear out of the station wagon and climbed the ladder several more times, loading the boat with equipment. As I continued working, perspiration from all that effort started rolling off my forehead and dripped from my nose. My shirt, by this time, was soaking wet, too. I stopped, stood in *Leppo*'s cockpit for a moment wiping the perspiration from my forehead, taking a small breather from all my heavy lifting and from all the climbing up and down the ladder.

I looked out at the tranquility of a windless summer's weekday on Lake Pocotopaug. There wasn't a boat to be seen anywhere, no outboards, no PWCs, nothing was moving on the water surface. There wasn't even the faintest ripple caused by someone paddling a canoe or a kayak, but far out in the middle of the lake though there appeared to be a commotion below the water's surface. It started small but then became a huge disturbance, a massive upwelling of water from down below. At its center something totally unbelievable appeared at the water's surface. It looked as if it might be a chariot pulled by horses, only the chariot turned out to be a very large cornucopia shaped seashell. The horses, as they approached the shore, turned out to be a team of two huge seahorses who were being guided in my direction by two beautiful mermaids.

In this "chariot" was the strangest sight of all, a tall, very muscular man, dripping wet, totally nude, who was sitting on a small throne in the large open end of the cornucopia shell. He had a short pointed beard in ancient Greek style, had seaweed for hair; and the seaweed hair was topped by a king's crown. In his left hand he held a trident. They came up the ramp and finally stopped alongside *Leppo*. I climbed down from *Leppo* to greet my unknown visitor.



The man with the seaweed hair, wearing a king's crown, stepped out of his chariot, walked towards me while popping the top on a cold can of Australian Foster beer and handed it to me. I thanked him and gratefully took a long drink from the cold beer on this very hot summer day. He introduced himself, "I'm Poseidon, Ruler of the Oceans," he said, and I've come to have a serious chat with you. Let's sit down on the grass in the shade of this big oak tree where we can talk."

After we were seated, with the pretty mermaids, tails neatly curled up and sitting close by, Poseidon opened another can of Foster beer for himself and then got directly to the point of his visit.

"Connie, just how old are you now?"

"Eighty-four," I replied.

He sat for a while in contemplative silence, looking out at Lake Pocotopaug and admiring the lines of the Montgomery 15 just behind us as he slowly sipped his beer. Then he turned towards me again and asked, "Does your Admirable still enjoy going sailing on your small ship after her double hip joint replacement operation a few years ago?"

I had to admit that she wasn't as nimble on the boat as she once had been, but then, to be perfectly honest, neither was I anymore.

There was another long pause as we sat there, sipping our beer in the shade.

Finally Poseidon asked, "Connie, just how long do you think you can keep going sailing?"

I had to admit that each new launch was becoming more strenuous, a more difficult physical chore. I wasn't as fast on my feet as I used to be, my reflexes weren't as fast as they used to be and lifting and carrying all the boat gear was becoming more and more work with each new excursion. Our Montgomery 15' sailboat was also a bit skittish at times when walking from the cockpit to the bow to lower a jib when a motorboat's wake wave hits us. My mind keeps telling me I am 30, OK, well, maybe 40, or maximum 45, but my body, inwardly, just giggles at hearing this.

Poseidon had made his point very well. Poseidon felt that the time had come for me to swallow the anchor. He finished his cold can of Foster beer. "Connie, remember that time when you were sailing in the Adriatic in *Fun Too* and I stole one of the bottles of Yugoslavian beer from your net, way down deep in the Adriatic, and you didn't know where it had gone?"

"That was a great joke, wasn't it?"

"I'll never forget the expression on your face when you pulled up your net, untied it and then found that one bottle of beer was missing. I also want to thank you for all the Doornkaats and Schnapses you have given me before you started each voyage over all the years you have been a sailor. I've always kept an eye out for you, even if you thought I was the Klabautermann or Neptune. We're really all one and the same person, different countries, with different languages, gave me different names.

When I got back to Olympus that evening and told the others the story of how I stole the beer bottle and the trick I had just played on you, even Zeus and Aphrodite had to laugh and said, "Poseidon, you really showed those mere mortals what we Gods can do if we feel like it." Poseidon rose from the grass where he had been sitting, shook my hand, wished me happy sailing and climbed into his seashell chariot. The mermaids turned the seahorses around and led them down the ramp and back out towards the middle of the lake.

Poseidon turned and waved to me and then, like a submerging submarine, they slowly disappeared under the water's surface and were gone. Moments later the whole surface of Lake Pocotopaug was a flat glassy calm again as if nothing at all had ever happened.

It was hard to believe what I had just experienced but the physical evidence of the meeting forced me to accept that reality. I didn't have any Foster beer in my cooler on board *Leppo* but now I still had a half finished can of Foster beer in my hand and there, lying under the big oak tree where Poseidon and I had sat and talked, was a second empty Foster can. It had been a surreal encounter. The Greek God Poseidon, the brother of Zeus, had just visited me and had given me a personal message to reflect on.

For the rest of the summer, whenever I sailed on Lake Pocotopaug and sailed across the spot where Poseidon had appeared, I thought about his message. Slowly I was forced to reach the same conclusion, Poseidon had been right. The Admirable really didn't enjoy going out sailing with me anymore because she no longer felt sure footed and nimble on *Leppo*.

Even stepping from the slightly twisting fin-

ger pier into *Leppo's* cockpit had become a growing problem for her.

We both were now forced to accept the fact that we really were getting older. Nautical know how and manual skills of all kinds had kept increasing over the years while physical strength, dexterity and balance were slowly decreasing. Sadly Poseidon's judgment, and his recommendation to me, was correct. It was time for us to swallow the anchor and give up our wonderful sport of sailing. At the end of the summer we sold *Leppo* to a young couple from Montpelier, Vermont, who took her back to Lake Champlain.

Sailing has been a great lifelong adventure for Katharina, for our children, Hildegard and Gerhard, and for me. The author who expressed this feeling the best was Kenneth Grahame, who wrote *The Wind in the Willows*, and in Chapter 1 of his book he said, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't, whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular, and when you've done it there's always something else to do."

Looking Back

As our horizons expanded from small beginnings and we sailed further and further, first across the map of Europe and later on the East Coast of the US, we continually had to buy nautical charts for each new sailing area we explored. After 45 years of sailing our collection of nautical charts we have used, traversed and studied had just kept growing. The charts we no longer needed were put into a chart case. The chart case got thicker and heavier with each chart that became superfluous but was added to our library.

When I started writing this story I was vaguely aware that our chart collection was large but I never realized just how large it had become. While writing, I started wondering what all these charts, accumulated over a lifetime of sailing, each with its penciled in course lines with times and dates, with notes and comments written in the margins and all with wonderful stories they can tell, might weigh. I took our bathroom scale up to our attic, put the heavy chart case that contained the history of all our travels on the scale and read the number in the window of the scale.

The bathroom scale told me that our lifetime of sailing adventures, represented by all the charts we had used in our travels in Germany, Belgium, Netherlands, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Denmark, Sweden and the East Coast of the US, now weighed 62.7lbs, 62.7 pounds of reminiscences of mostly wonderful trips.

There were the great many friends we had made during all our travels, the many helpful people we met, the lakes, rivers, and canals that were explored, locks mastered, customs officials met and Duty Free purchase possibilities exploited, navigation problems solved, the joys and pleasure of concluding successful voyages, of seeing the destination harbors slowly rise over the horizon in front of our bow, exactly where they should be, seeing our children learn to sail and become competent and self reliant sailors, of the many evenings spent together in a cozy cabin with growing

children who had become genuine shipmates, sharing adventures and experiences with them, or of the sun setting over the deep blue Adriatic Sea with our boat in a shimmering golden sunbeam path, as the Admirable asks me to rub her bare back with sunscreen oil and telling me to massage her, "langsam und mit gefuehl (slowly and with feeling)."

The 62.7 pounds of charts can't begin to express what each and every one of them meant to us as we unfolded it for the first time, full of anticipation, putting it on the navigation table, slowly moving *Fun Too* or our other boats across the face of it using the knowledge and expertise that was so carefully researched and printed on their surfaces to safely arrive at our destinations and then to replace that chart with the adjoining one as the voyage progressed.

Sailing has been a lifetime of great enjoyment, we've learned a lot, experienced a lot, broadened our horizons enormously and had amazing adventures thanks to all the wonderful, helpful people we met on our travels. They shared their stories, helped solve our problems and kept a watchful eye on our small "squeezeable" *Fun*. Thank you all for become important parts of our lives.

I hope that when we finally arrive at the Pearly Gates (Poseidon had told me that all sailors automatically go to Heaven) St Peter will have a Montgomery 15 fully rigged, provisioned and in the water, waiting for us. Then we can explore the new Heavenly cruising grounds specially made for sailors and can continue to expand our experiences with many new great sailing adventures among all our fellow sailors.

The Goose Islanders are already there with our Club moorings, waiting for us to raft up with them and start a new Heavenly Happy Hour custom. That really would be Heaven.

And please, as a special favor to us, would you fellow sailors always keep a watchful eye out for beautiful neophyte sailors like our Nancy, who might just need your help and expertise in the middle of a stormy night, too (from my earlier book about how one meets a beautiful woman dressed in a Baby Doll nightgown in the pouring rain on a dark and stormy night. This is another one of the unreal nautical hazards that sailors have to learn to cope with).

I would like to wish all of you who have read our story, fair winds and good weather on all the various courses that you may sail in your lives. May you and your crew always arrive safely at your destinations. May you always have a hands' breadth of water beneath your keel. And may your anchors never drag when the stormy winds blow. Go sailing today, enjoy life.



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My First Captain's Mast

I was the junior man on a Coast Guard 40-footer at Base Galveston. I had been working on that boat all summer with the 3rd Class Engineer. It started out as a normal day watch but there was some talk about a hurricane approaching.

Late in the morning we got a call to rescue a small shrimp trawler further out in the bay. He was hard aground on a mudflat about ten miles from our base. We slid him off into deeper water, mission accomplished. When we reported back to the base we were told to not return to Galveston but go further out into the bay to dock at a marina at Keama in case an emergency arose in that part of the bay.

I had been there before on several rescues as it was a yachting center in that part of the bay. There was a creek that separated the Keama Marina from Seabrook. To get there we had to head back to the Houston Ship Channel about three or four miles to the north of where we had parked the shrimp.

The storm we had heard about was now approaching. The shallow bay was beginning to get choppy and the visibility was dropping fast. We could no longer see the buoy we were aiming for on the edge of the channel. I was at the helm when the skipper came up and told me to go below and have a smoke. During the time it took me to smoke a cigarette the skipper ran us around in a circle. I could tell below by the way the waves were hitting us so I went back up and took over the helm. As the boat had no compass we were dead reckoning, the only chart was in my head and without it the skipper was not up to the job.

We were lucky I found that buoy. I turned up the channel and started looking for the channel markers. The channel was marked with towers on both sides a mile apart and a big can and nun at the half mile marks. We found the first set of markers and began looking for the next set. We were running blind it seemed forever before the next markers came into view.

OK so far, all we needed to do now was to go six miles up the channel (or was it seven)? My internal chart was getting fuzzy, I was steering blind and my only sense of direction was the angle at which the waves were hitting the boat.

We found the buoy that marked the point where we could turn towards the creek that separated Keama and Seabrook. At this point I was really guessing. We had to cross about three miles of open water without markers with a muddy bank waiting at the end if we were wrong.

I was now steering by the waves hitting the port side at a new angle. Luck was with us and we found the mouth of the creek. We cleared the drawbridge and turned into the Keama Marina. The owner showed us the slip we should use and told us we could camp on his boat, a Chris Craft about 50' long. We took him up on that offer, the Chris had better accommodations than our leaky 40-footer.

Our slip was surrounded by steel boat houses so we didn't get the full impact of the storm but it was really noisy and the water rose about waist deep on the dock. We took turns walking the dock to check the mooring lines.

In the morning the storm had blown itself out and the water began dropping slowly. Maybe time to leave? We soon learned that we couldn't get out past the drawbridge. The bridge was blocked with logs, upstream was

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

a large lake where the extra high tide had backed up and floated off a lot of driftwood that had now come downstream on the outgoing tide and got caught up on the bridge. We were stuck there.

The skipper attempted to call the base on our radio without any luck. The old AM radio would not transmit through those metal buildings. The dockmaster said that when he could get his storm damaged radio antenna back up we could use it to contact our base.

When the skipper got through to Galveston and mentioned that he was calling from a borrowed radio, whoever was on the other end told him to not use that radio but to call with the one on the boat or by phone.

We had just had a hurricane. The telephones were out. The skipper was furious and told us that base could just wait and wonder what had happened to us. We would leave when the bridge was open. During this time the base sent a driver up to check on us. He found the boat but nobody aboard. He did not ask any questions and drove back to Galveston.

The next day the bridge was finally cleared and we were on our way home. The skipper contacted the base on our radio and was told to report immediately to the Operations Officer on our return. The next morning I was called into the Captain's office.

I was on the carpet. I was told that we were considered AWOL with the boat for three days. I was pissed and let the base commander know it. I had spent three days wet and cold and hungry and was now being called on the carpet. I was, after all, the lowest man on that totem pole. I did not belong there.

At this point I had really had it with Base Galveston so I talked to a friend in personnel telling him I would take a transfer to anywhere. A week later he asked if I would like to go to the 17th. Shortly thereafter I was on the cutter *Storis* in Kodiak, Alaska. As already related earlier in this series that began the best duty I had in the four years I spent in as a hooligan.

Changing Jobs

My tour with the Coast Guard was nearing its end. I would really like to ship over but was still an E3 and had a wife and one kid and we had a real hard time making ends meet. I had been told when I came back from Alaska that I was the top man to get promoted to 3rd Class Bosun in the 2nd Coast Guard District. A year later I had a couple of months left and no promotion so I started looking for other jobs.

I had spent some time at the lock and dam at Keokuk, Iowa, and gave that a bit of thought. Maybe the Corps would have a place for me. So one day I drove up the river to Louisville to talk to the folks at the Corps of Engineers' office in that district. I learned that, yes, they were going to hire a lot of lockmen in the very near future but they warned me that none of the new hires would get permanent status. They were closing down locks and replacing them with larger locks that would need fewer lockmen.

On the same trip I went to the union office for the NMU, the National Marine Union. They had a wood frame office near

the waterfront in Louisville. Inside I found two desks facing each other, the boss at one, the secretary at the other. There was not a piece of paper on either desk. They obviously were not very busy. I was told that they couldn't keep their members busy and were not looking to add new members. So much for the NMU.

I was told of a job fair in Owensboro coming up and told that I should go there. I got there at the appropriate time and took a seat among a bunch of other guys and some gals. They handed out trays full of various colored beads and pegs and what looked like cribbage boards. The man heading this affair told us what they wanted us to do. We were to put pegs in holes, but not every hole, then put beads on the pegs starting with a green one and a red one on top of that and then a blue one on the top. The pegs were to be placed in every third hole and we were being timed.

At the end of the time our boards were checked to see how much we had completed in the time allowed. Then we cleared our boards and started another program. At the end of the afternoon I had decided that I didn't know what kind of job they were testing me for but I did know I did not want it.

My time was running out and I still had no future job but my dear old Dad came to the rescue. He was working for the Minnesota Department of Aeronautics at the St Paul Airport administration building. In the same building was an office for Twin City Barge & Towing Co. Dad got to talking with the people there and told them about my experience in the Coast Guard. They told him that I should come in as soon as I was out of the Coast Guard and talk to them. They were interested in me.

At the end of my tour I did just that. I drove my family back to Minneapolis and camped out at my parent's home. I visited the people at Twin City Barge and got the job but it was in Chicago Harbor. I quickly made arrangements to move our trailer to my parent's back yard. A week later I was on a train headed to the windy city to a new career working on a boat named the *Red Wing*. Sometimes fate rules our lives.

The Red Wing

When I went to work for Twin City Barge I was informed by the owners that they were a NMU union company and that I should be expecting to see a union steward who would recruit me. I was told I had six days to join. They also told me that I had been hired because the union couldn't send them a man who had long line towing experience. I had no love for the NMU at that time but understood what they were telling me.

They sent me to Chicago with a round trip ticket and enough money for cab fare to get me to Lamont, a suburb where I would find the boat. When I got there I found the boat tied up at the waterfront on the canal. It was a cold February day when I boarded, where it was very quiet. There I met the cook who was the only one awake. He informed me that everyone else was sleeping and I should go forward to the crews' quarters and pick out a bunk. Pick out a good one he told me because no one else would be sharing that space. Dinner would be at 6pm and I could meet the rest of the crew then. I unpacked my sea bag, found a bunk and used it.

When I awoke I met Jimmy the skipper and Squirt the engineer and was introduced to

a shotgun wheelhouse boat. The *Red Wing* had a wheelhouse mounted on top of a hydraulic cylinder similar to those every gas station had at that time. The boat also had a single screw powered by a Superior Diesel, a direct reversible engine. It had no forward and reverse gears, to reverse direction the engine would be stopped and restarted in reverse. I never understood how this was done but there were banks of compressed air cylinders used to start the engine in either direction.

The boat looked very much like any harbor tug of the era but had a pair of towing knees on the bow that made me realize that it was primarily a river tow boat. I was the fourth man on the boat. She was single crewed. This put a lot more money in my pocket because we were paid overtime for any time after 1800 and we did much of our work at night.

We stayed tied up at Lamont every day and after supper we would get underway up the canal towards the big city. The canal had a fork in it not far from Lamont with one fork going to Calumet Lake, an industrial area not far from Lake Michigan. We would often spend the night moving barges around the lake, then in the morning we would take a barge or two back to Lamont, or maybe as far as Lockport where we connected with the Illinois River. We had been earning overtime pay all night and now it was time to tie up for the day.

The normal scheduling for towboat crews back then was to work 30 days followed by 30 days off with pay. Most towboats had two six hour watches seven days a week, so we worked 80 hour weeks and earned those 30 days off with pay. The *Red Wing* was a blessing for me, I was earning some much needed money and really enjoyed the job.

There were other days when we would end up in downtown Chicago nor even further up the Chicago River. These were always a welcome change of pace, we would pass office buildings and could look in at all the folks inside working.

We moved barges around to wherever the dispatcher wanted them moved so we got a lot of riding time. One day we picked up a barge with stacked covers in the downtown area and a couple of local guys came aboard dragging pumps on with them. Chicago had drawbridges at most of the downtown streets and the citizens didn't like waiting for these to close so the barge folks tried to avoid big conflicts, which was the reason for *Red Wing's* hydraulic lift wheelhouse.

The stack covered barges could not get under a closed drawbridge if the barge was empty so water was pumped into them until they sat deep enough to get under the bridges. The guys we picked up would start pumping that water out as soon as we cleared the downtown area. They told me they stayed on the barge wherever it went until they had it completely dewatered. Then another guy would pick them up in a pickup to bring them back. No cell phones in 1962, they used walkie talkies.

One day we were headed down the canal when Jimmy called me to the wheelhouse. We were running dead headed (no barges). He told me that he was going to land at a spot that he knew I could get him some cigarettes. He gave me a ten and said that about a half block up the street was a bar where I could buy him the smokes. Two cartons of Pall Malls, please.

I went back on deck and began climbing the stairs on one of the tow knees while he turned the boat towards shore. The trusty Superior direct reverse engine failed to do its thing and we hit the wall at about 5mph. The sudden stop threw me onto the roadway along the wall. I got up still clutching Jimmy's ten. The boat had bounced back out into mid canal. Jimmy hollered across the water for me to get the smokes and wait until he had squared things with the cook before he could land and pick me up.

When I got back the cook was standing with suitcase in hand ready to jump ship. Jimmy spent some time talking with him before he went back inside. Jimmy landed and told me that he had promised the cook that someone would clean up the mess in the galley.

This had all happened just before our noon meal. That meal was on a counter on the aft bulkhead. When the boat made its sudden stop the dinner was still going 5mph and made it to the forward bulkhead in the galley. We had cold cuts for our big meal that day, then someone cleaned up the mess. Guess who that would be.

I got along very well on this boat. Jimmy, the skipper, was easy to work with and Squirt and I ran the deck together. I was beginning to feel that I had found a new home.

Canal Story

Jimmy, the skipper of the *Red Wing*, was always looking for lines for the boat. On several occasions he saw a line on someone else's barge and would land and send me up to replace it with one of our shorter lines. Swapping out lines wasn't easy to do in February because the big lines got very stiff once wet and frozen. He never asked anyone's permission as he knew we were always short of good rope. It was a game that tow boat companies played to keep their costs down.

One night we were up in Calumet Lake moving barges. When we headed home in the dark with one barge which I thought had a full load as it had only about 2' of freeboard. When I looked onto the open cargo hold it sure looked empty to me. I had to wait until the sun came up when I could see that she had a load of taconite pellets. Taconite was very heavy stuff and the load had been spread evenly giving an appearance of being empty with only about 4'-5' of the stuff making a capacity load.

Jimmy kept a slingshot in a drawer in the wheelhouse with a drawer full of these pellets he had for ammunition. We were often working on some rigging below a bridge and Jimmy kept guard for us. It was not unusual for someone walking across the bridge to throw something at us below. Jimmy would step out of the wheelhouse with his slingshot and warn them to change their mind. As he was up there in the wheelhouse eyeball to eyeball with them the slingshot was usually persuasive enough to move them along.

One day we were ready to drop the wheelhouse down on its hydraulic lift when Jimmy spotted a young girl maybe 12 or 13, so he got on the speaker and asked, "Hey, sweetie, do you have a big sister?"

She hollered right back at him, "Hey, mister, I could take care of you and your whole crew!" Life in South Chicago.

On another day we were headed back to Lamont with two stack covered loads when Jimmy dropped the wheelhouse for a bridge and it failed to go back up so he pulled over

to the wall and sent me out to find anything to tie up to. When we were secure we had a meeting in the wheelhouse about what to do. Squirt, the engineer, had an idea. The boat was steered with a small electric switch about the size of a coffee mug mounted on a console. Squirt suggested taking it out of the console and adding on an extension cord and steering from the roof of the wheelhouse. Jimmy bought the idea as we had to get back to Lamont.


The changes were made and Jimmy stood on the roof. Squirt sat in the wheelhouse where he could run the engine controls and I stood on top of the barge covers at the head of the barge giving hand signals to Jimmy who in turn gave verbal signals to Squirt. We got back to or home port OK.

Later in the day Bob, the head mechanic for Twin City Barge, came aboard. I had met him once when he was in the Coast Guard on the *Lantana*. We were tied up in Dubuque at that time at the Coast Guard base. The boat he was working on then pulled in next to us. They needed drinking water as the boat was just coming out of storage and the water tank was foul.

Our hydraulic system had blown a gasket and he didn't have the parts in his truck so he invented a new way to make it work. We always had a good supply of compressed air so he converted the wheelhouse hoist into a pneumatic system. He added some plumbing and a flexible hose and ran air up to the console where Jimmy could open the valve and the wheelhouse would go up. Close the valve and it would go back down.

Nothing lasts longer than a temporary fix. It was still working when I got off the boat a week later. It was not as smooth as the hydraulic system, it would jump by leaps and bounds and it took a while for the air to drain out of the system before it would go down, but it did work.

I got off the *Red Wing* in downtown Chicago. We landed on the wall at the bus station. I climbed over the wall and walked across the parking lot and into the station. I was on my way home to see my bride and daughter. I had my 30 days with pay coming.



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Miami: The Coast Guard and National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration terminated the voyage of the 83' commercial fishing vessel, *Lady Kristie*, with three people aboard after discovering multiple violations near Tortugas Ecological Reserve. Fishing in an ecological reserve violates NOAA regulations.

At approximately 12:30am the Coast Guard Cutter *Isaac Mayo* (WPC-1112) crew detected the *Lady Kristie* within a protected area. The cutter *Isaac Mayo* crew boarded the vessel and identified the following alleged violations, an inoperable high water bilge alarm, a lack of drills being conducted, fishing inside an ecological reserve and exceeding their tow time restriction of 75 minutes.

"Our partnership with NOAA is a valuable asset for the effective enforcement of both federal and state fisheries regulations," said Petty Officer 1st Class Andrew Diaz, an operations specialist at Coast Guard Sector Key West. "Our marine resources are extremely valuable to our nation. We encourage boaters to familiarize themselves with the fishing regulations to make sure they are complying with federal law."



Jacksonville: Coast Guard crews rescued a mariner Wednesday who was adrift after his vessel sank near the St Johns Inlet. A Coast Guard Station Mayport 45' Response Boat-Medium crew was conducting a law enforcement patrol at approximately 11am when they noticed a man clinging to a life ring in the middle of the channel. Crews pulled the man from the water and took him to Station Mayport where EMS was waiting.

"We're glad we were in the right place at the right time and he had the proper safety equipment," said Petty Officer 2nd Class Michael Pugh, the crew's coxswain. "Our crews train to stay vigilant at all times and that training paid off today."

The mariner had no reported injuries and had a life ring and life jacket. The cause of the vessel sinking is under investigation.



Our Coast Guard in Action

Miami: The Coast Guard rescued two people from a disabled vessel approximately 20 miles southwest of Freeport, Bahamas. At approximately 8:40am, Coast Guard 7th District watchstanders received an emergency position indicating radio beacon alert from a vessel southwest of the Bahamas. Watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Air Station Miami MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew and the Coast Guard Cutter *Robert Yered* to the scene to assist. The helicopter crew hoisted the two people from the sailing vessel *Mavi* and transferred them to the Palm Beach International Airport.

"The possession and proper utilization of an EPIRB was crucial to the success of this rescue mission," said Lt Patrick Leavitt, chief duty officer at Coast Guard 7th District. "We recommend all boaters have a registered EPIRB and know where all their equipment is in case of an emergency."



Miami: The Coast Guard rescued two people from a sinking vessel Thursday approximately three miles east of Key Largo. Rescued were Eric Kampe, 40, and Robert Pflugh, 56. At approximately 4am Coast Guard Sector Key West received a distress call from the crew of the 36' sailing vessel, *No Worries*, via VHF-FM radio channel 16 stating they were taking on water and on the verge of capsizing. Watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Air Station Miami MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew and Coast Guard Station Islamorada 45' Response Boat-Medium crew to the scene to assist. The helicopter crew hoisted one individual and the other was embarked by the boat crew. Both were transferred to Coast Guard facilities with no reported injuries.

"Thanks to the proper use of the VHF-FM radio, we were able to have assets on

scene within 30 minutes of getting the distress call," said Petty Officer 1st Class Richard Steidell. "Having the right communications equipment often plays a big part in successful rescue missions."



Kodiak: A Coast Guard Air Station Kodiak MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew, forward deployed aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *John Midgett*, medevaced a man from the fishing vessel *Vaerdal* approximately 70 miles north of Cold Bay, Alaska. Coast Guard 17th District Command Center watchstanders in Juneau received notification from Alaska Maritime Physicians Monday evening. They relayed communications for the fishing vessel *Vaerdal* for a crew member who was reportedly suffering chest pains. Watchstanders briefed the duty flight surgeon and requested the launch of the helicopter crew. The man was transported to local emergency medical services personnel in Cold Bay. On scene weather at the time of the hoist included 25mph winds.

"This case demonstrates the importance of having helicopters deployed onboard cutters patrolling Alaskan waters," said Chief Warrant Officer Joseph Ayd, command duty officer for the case. "Affecting timely response to medevacs and search and rescue is why we deploy a major cutter to the Bering Sea."



Yucatan Peninsula

The Coast Guard and the crew of the cruise ship *Carnival Fantasy* rescued 23 individuals on the high seas, 130 nautical miles off the Yucatan Peninsula, April 14. A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew located the disabled vessel and directed the *Carnival Fantasy* toward their location for rescue.



Sea Island Florida

Coast Guard FWC halts illegal charter operation 42' motor vessel *Breaking the Habit* near Sea Isle Marina, Florida, April 7. The vessel's voyage was terminated by the Coast Guard for the second time in less than a month due to multiple violations and the captain faces upwards of \$91,000 in civil penalties.



San Diego

The crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Waesche* poses with pallets holding more than 7.1 tons of contraband at Tenth Avenue Marine Terminal in San Diego, April 5. The drugs were seized during six separate interdictions off the coasts of Mexico, Central and South America by the Coast Guard cutters *Active* (WMEC-618), *Steadfast* (WMEC-623) and *Waesche* (WMSL-751).



Tortuga

A migrant vessel is shown in the Caribbean 35 miles northeast of Tortuga after an interdiction in April. The Coast Guard Cutter *Spencer* (WMEC-905) crew transferred 33 Haitian nationals back to their home of origin after interdicting their 25' motor vessel.



Georgetown, South Carolina

A Coast Guard Mh-65 Dolphin helicopter crew from Air Facility Charleston rescues a man April 10 after his sailboat became disabled near North Santee Bay in Georgetown, South Carolina. The man was transported to Georgetown County Airport.



Key West

Coast Guard Cutter Isaac Mayo (WPC-1112) small boat crew interdicts a 30' center console April 11 approximately 41 miles south of Key West. Ten Cuban nationals were transferred to the Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton* (WPC-1108) to be transferred back to their home of origin.



Clearwater

The Coast Guard rescued three people aboard a 22' boat, the *Snow Plow*, taking on water. A Station Sand Key 45' Response Boat-Medium arrived on scene and used a dewatering pump to control the water. The boat crew escorted the *Snow Plow* to Belleair Causeway Boat Ramp



Miami

The Coast Guard rescued two overdue boaters near Big Coppitt Key. Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders received notification of two teenagers on an overdue 16' skiff who were supposed to return to shore before sunset. The boat had no navigation lights or radio onboard. Watchstanders diverted a Coast Guard Air Station Miami MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew to respond. The helicopter crew arrived on scene, located the two waving, hoisted them and took them to Key West International Airport with no reported injuries.



San Juan, Puerto Rico

A Coast Guard Boat Station San Juan boat crew aboard a 45' Response Boat Medium, assisted three mariners aboard the disabled sailing vessel *Illusion II* approximately 11 nautical miles off the coast of San Juan, Puerto Rico. The boaters reported they were enroute from Tortola, British Virgin Islands, to the United States Thursday night, when mechanical problems left the *Illusion II* adrift, since the 53' vessel was also dismantled from damages sustained during Hurricane Maria.



Houston

The Coast Guard rescued four teenagers adrift on a surfboard near Cameron, Louisiana. Coast Guard Sector Houston-Galveston watchstanders received a report from the Cameron Parish Sheriff's Office of four teenagers on a surfboard who were being swept out to sea approximately 500 yards from shore. A good Samaritan attempted to help but was unable to reach them. Watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast. Two Coast Guard Station Sabine boat crews and a Coast Guard Air Station Houston MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew were launched. A Coast Guard Air Station Corpus Christi C-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew was diverted and spotted the adrift teenagers once on scene.



Duncan Wright's reflections on overboard rescue in the March issue smacked me into remembrance of my own experiences on that subject long ago.

First story: Late 1970s. After building a 40' Wharram Pahi blue water catamaran from scratch, I was slowly trialing, learning about my world and my limitations, getting ready for departure from San Francisco Bay, going south, expecting "adventure." I had learned the hard way that the murky river I was docked at up the Petaluma River north of Novato collected algae rapidly on anything under water and that three to five week intervals of cleaning junk was not to be ignored. I often anchored near the western lee of Angel Island awaiting the change of tides to scrub the bottoms in relatively cleaner water that I let me see fore and aft the length of the hulls under the surface.

This day started as usual getting to Angel Island and securing the boat with two anchors and rode. Into the wetsuit with flotation collar, flippers, mask and snorkel, tank and regulator, gloves, utensils roped to my waist and reboarding ladder secured, I was ready to submerge.

Then it happened. I was unaware that the outgoing tide was moving twice as fast as what I had grown accustomed to. I was not paying attention and was swept off the ladder. After a few seconds of fighting the pull, I turned around to see where I was going and bumped against a large orange buoy that I was able to hang onto. After a momentary panic attack I started assessing my predicament. I looked downstream and there was nothing between my buoy and the Golden Gate Bridge approximately five miles away (my best guess).

I looked back at the boat and a flood of relief swept over me as I remembered there was a friend aboard (unusual) reading a book belowdeck, non sailor and first time on board. Would I be heard if I screamed? How long before my throat wore out? Before finger numbness set in? Before screaming I had to have a plan, a set of instructions that would (could?) mitigate my situation.

Step 1: After going over my plan several times I called out loudly, not screaming. I had to be able to call several times. My companion had noticed that the bumps and scraping that I had said would happen had not. My second call had her scrambling up on the

Overboard Rescue

By Jean-Jacques d'Aquin



stern deck and not seeing me she started to panic. My third call located me to her and her quick mind calmed down and went to work.

Step 2: I figured I was approximately 200'-250' from the stern of *Far Star*. There were two 250' lines coiled in a stern compartment along with several medium sized fenders. Following my instructions one end of a 250' line was to be led to and attached to an aft winch I assumed would be needed to pull me back and up. The other end was attached to a fender ready to float in my direction.

Step 3: I had floated straight away with the current and assumed (cross my fingers) that the fender would do the same if the wind hadn't changed. It hadn't and I grabbed the line and tied it under my tank and around my chest harness with several feet to spare.

Step 4: By this time I could feel that stress and cold were rapidly sapping my strength. On my go signal she started winching me in with a steady rhythm. I eventually could reach out and grab the boarding ladder but I was too weak to climb up the 5' to the gunnel. Another length of line was led to a mizzen boom winch and swung to me and I was soon flopped on deck like a helpless fish. I lay in the sun slowly stripping myself of all my gear and sipping several cups of coffee. We decided to spend the rest of the day recuperating and see what the conditions were the next morning. The hulls still had to be scrubbed. They were.

After a while I wondered what my alternatives would have been had I been solo. Only two seemed to be realistic: 1: Try to attach myself to the buoy and hope I could be seen by a passing boat even if I lost con-

sciousness and 2) float away swimming toward shore hoping I would be seen before floating out to sea. Beasties with lots of sharp teeth could not be part of the equations.

Lessons learned: Attach a LOUD whistle to the flotation vest along with a flashing red light and a waterproof bag of flares. Today some GPS locating emergency spotter would be wise.

As to the hull cleaning, a spider web of lines that would secure me to the hulls and also allow me to move around slowly to get the cleaning done was devised. Doing things solo always invites danger.

Second story: Eventually, as I sailed solo under the Golden Gate Bridge and turned left after a huge submarine went by with sailors waving happily on their way to the yards, I wondered if I would ever again sail under that Bridge. I haven't. What was ALWAYS ready and deployed was 250' of $\frac{3}{8}$ ' line with knots 2' apart and a step loop at the water end. Also attached to that line were other smaller lines that would disengage jib, main and autopilot if the stern line was dragging something. The mizzen sail was always the first up and the last to come down keeping the bow into the wind if something was odd. This on the starboard side of the after decks. On the port side was a real "fish line" that I always trolled a bait when I was a few miles offshore from a coast and often caught something eatable.

Lesson really learned: I never had to rescue myself, but all this came in handy when on several occasions a visiting "landlubber" fell overboard and was able to remember my insistence we go through a rescue drill before leaving dock/raising anchor. Many times when I anchored in an isolated cove or river mouth where traveling sailboats rarely stopped, in the late afternoon a panga or log canoe would come alongside with a school teacher/family with kids and tentatively try communication. It helped a lot that I was fluent in Spanish and used it mostly as I meandered the Pacific coast down to the Panama Canal and into the Caribbean Sea. The kids were so curious and alert I had to welcome them aboard and answer questions. Inevitably someone would fall overboard and I always had my line hook to guide them to the boarding ladder. No one got hurt and I almost always found a gift of sorts, some fruit or a flower or a fish on deck the next morning as I was leaving. Memories...

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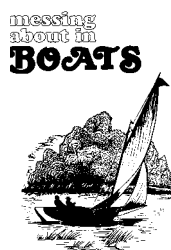
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I have no clue what reminded me of this tale from long ago and far away. I was at least 30 years younger and the indomitable “boy scout.” I was anchored in a little hideyhole anchorage something like this one. Probably a dozen boats crammed into that little notch in the Cliffside.

Californians call these notches in the rock “anchorages” and “harbors.” Things can get plum crowded in these places. As I recall, the place was really already full when a 50-footer came in and sorta dropped a hook alongside the vertical rock face. Zero swinging room. It was a retired ocean racer (flush deck, large cockpit) and, that day, a crewed charter. There were about a dozen passengers sitting around the cockpit wearing pastoral robes, all men. Somebody told me they were a bunch of Korean ministers visiting Santa Barbara for some sort of convention. There were also several women wearing traditional garb and evidently the “serving ladies” of some stripe. As the skipper edged his way forward to drop the hook, he had to avoid disturbing the trays of food and beverages those ladies were trying to manage. The crew consisted of the skipper and a young boy. Quite a lashup, huh?

As soon as the hook was down, the skipper launched a large inflatable with a too big outboard and began ferrying groups of these men in pastoral robes and dress shoes ashore. Let’s take another look at that beach.

Yep, that’s surf. When you land an inflatable on one of these beaches you have to have your wits about you. You have to time it just right and you have to get everybody out of the boat on command and drag it up above the break or you’re gonna at least swamp. Likely flip. Very hard on dress shoes, pastoral robes and outboard motors if you do.

While the skipper was off in his inflatable and the rest of his passengers were sitting around the cockpit, the anchor started to drag. There are only a couple scenarios, that happen in a case like this.

If the boat goes ashore she will likely be a total loss. If she gets lucky she’ll drift

Just an Old Boy Scout

By Dan Rogers

out to sea. As this was developing the skipper was adrift himself. His too big outboard had stalled on the return run from one of his beach trips. Most of his male passengers were out walking around on land, one even appeared on the promontory above the anchorage. His kid and the remainder of the ensemble were aboard his now adrift boat.

By then I was in my own inflatable and headed at flank speed across the anchorage for the charter boat. As I pulled alongside, made fast and clambered aboard there was a very scared kid standing in the midst of a totally oblivious gaggle of overseas visitors on holiday. I looked him in the eye and simply asked, “Where do you start the engine?” He pointed down the companionway. I stepped around the passengers and food trays and found an ignition switch down below on the main electrical panel next to the chart table. The diesel clattered to life and I raced back up to the helm.

At this point nobody knew me from Adam. I’m certainly not Captain Hornblower in a straw hat and shorts anyhow. I sent the kid up forward with instructions to get the anchor back up, grabbed the helm and had that leviathan maneuvering back to a hopefully better patch of sand to get anchored in. Done.

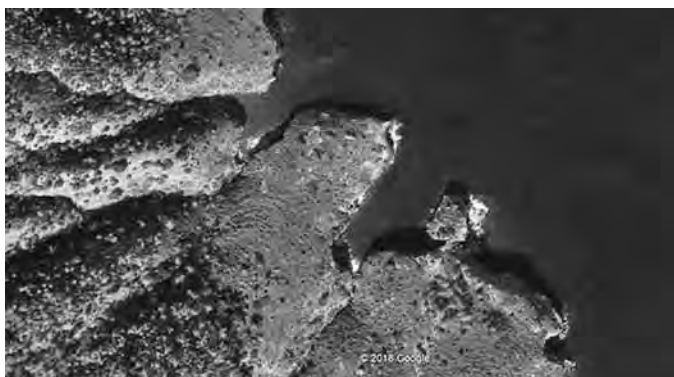
And now the funny part. That poor skipper was still fighting with a recalcitrant outboard. His charges were spread from hell, er, sorry Reverend, to breakfast. I figured the best

help I could be was to head to the landing beach and start collecting the Korean guys in pastoral robes and dress shoes. Being alone, I was able to surf my boat pretty high while I was raising the motor and rowing the last few feet. As I landed, several of the guys in pastoral robes and dress shoes came over and got in my boat.

And, there we sat. Nobody seemed interested in speaking English. Other than high school French and Spanish, the only other foreign language I know is Cajun. So I had to “explain” that we weren’t going to get off that beach and back to the serving ladies with the food trays any time soon unless everybody got back out and helped me haul the inflatable back to the water. And to do that, it seemed reasonable to me anyhow, that those dress shoes and socks should maybe be tossed into the bilge and those dress pants rolled up as high as possible. Talk about an incensed bunch of folks. Compliance came in fits and starts. One of the guys in pastoral robes and dress shoes absolutely refused to even look at me. A regular international incident in the making.

As far as I was concerned I was just being a good guy and doing what I could to help out. Later on, after I did my part in reuniting those guys in pastoral robes and dress shoes with those ladies in traditional garb and serving platters, the skipper let me in on all the apparent angst.

It seems that the assumption by those Korean ministers was that I was just another employee of the charter company and how dare I make any of them participate in drudge work like helping me carry my boat. It’s true, you know. No good turn goes unpunished.



Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

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White Fleet

A Norwegian liner, *Viking Sky*, suffered total engine power failure while enduring rough seas that broke doors and windows and sweeping passengers around restaurants like dolls. The damage to the ship and injuries necessitated the captain initiated an SOS for immediate assistance. Carrying 1,373 passengers, most of whom were "elderly," the ship required airlifting 479 of the people aboard, including some crew. The Norwegian authorities had their hands full organizing helicopters, ambulances, tugs and medical assistance on board.

Most of the paying customers were from English speaking countries including Australia, New Zealand, England and the US. A Minnesota man related that he and his wife were in one of the restaurants when a massive wave smashed doors and windows. He tried to hold onto his spouse but she was swept across the room. The movie *Titanic* went through everyone's minds. Video footage shows chairs, sofas, pianos and people being flung around while ceiling tiles smashed to the deck.

A Norwegian cargo ship, the *Hagland Captain*, also had engine failure the previous day. Because of high and rough seas, the vessel was abandoned and the crew was airlifted to shore. The ship was in the same area and suffering from the same storm as *Viking Sky*. Of course, the press is immediately demanding to know why the cruise ship was allowed to sail.

Forty new liners have already been ordered for delivery within the next eight years according to the 2019 *Luxury Market Report*. Hapag-Lloyd is building a trio of ultra luxury cruise ships through Fincantieri, the first is the *Hanseatic Nature*. *Viking Jupiter* is currently being built at a cost of a mere \$400,000,000 thanks to construction by Vard. Scenic's *Eclipse*, a 16,500 ton, very modern looking ship that resembles a semicircle with a bow, should be delivered this year by Uljanik Group for a piddling \$185,000,000.

I would bet that the *Le Bougainville*, a Ponant 10,000 ton addition, will never, ever sail near the island of Bougainville. This ship, named after an island that was named after a flower that was named after a French botanist, only costs about \$110,000,000. Vard is building this and a sister ship, *Le Dumont-D'Urville*.

Ritz Carlton figured if they can run hotels, they could run ships. They are building an as yet unnamed 25,000 ton terraced decked vessel for around \$250,000,000. Barreras will deliver this in 2020.

Regent's very expensive *Splendor* will hit the seas in 2020 also. With six decks above the main deck and a pair of navigation decks, this looks more like a hotel on a hull. It does enter the books as the most beautiful ship in the world (in my humble and inflexible opinion) but her cost, at nearly half a billion bucks, reeks luxury. Fincantieri is the builder and the guy that won that contract is living large.

Lindblad is purchasing a \$135,000,000 ship that looks like a boat with a giant Boeing 747 nose. *National Geographic Endurance* is under construction at Ulstein.

This is the tip of the proverbial iceberg. People will be slapped against bulkheads, tables will be tossed airborne and injuries on silly sea-going carnival rides will continue unabated. It makes me yearn for my luxury Potter 15 complete with all the beer I can stock.



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

Gray Fleet

The Navy's report to Congress on Dry Docks chronicled the desperate need for additional dry docks, and the sooner the better. The Navy has access to a total of 21 dry docks. The Atlantic and the Gulf possess 14 dry docks while the Pacific has seven that includes the one at Pearl Harbor. The problem is that the Gold Braids have scheduled ship repairs through 2049 with 134 on the list for 2020. That will be the lowest number for the next 30 years and, of course, this does not count on emergency repairs and unforeseen calamities. Congress is like a lot of people: they want the fancy new car but they don't want the additional cost for maintenance.

Three Los Angeles class submarines, desperately in need of mending, were not listed in the Navy's new budget. *USS Boise* (SSN-764), *USS Hartford* (SSN-768) and *USS Columbus* (SSN-762) require routine maintenance and some unscheduled repair. The *USS Hartford* suffered some sail damage during an Arctic ice operation. This is the boat which I toured in October. It is a first class sub with a darn good and proud crew. The Navy feels that repairs will cost about \$290 million for the *Boise*, \$306 million for the *Hartford* and a piddling \$57 million for *Columbus*. *Boise* has been sitting unoperational and waiting for a patch up slot and it is no longer certified for diving.

Another item lost in the budget was for a conversion of a Military Sealift Command Spearhead class Expeditionary Fast Transport (T-EPF) into an Expeditionary Medical Transport. This ship would provide triage and resuscitation, treatment and holding place for wounded, emergency surgery and emergency dental treatment. God forbid that US sailors and Marines actually screw up badly enough to be wounded and need medical attention. Taxpayers won't hear of it. We needed our little tax cut!

Once an Admiral quoted me saying, "America easily gets itself into wars but it has a difficult time getting out of them." Yes indeed, we fly our flags, bray the National Anthem loudly and claim to support our troops, but just don't ask us to spend any money on the poor guys we send to battle. And don't ask us for money to provide adequate equipment for them.

Military historians will quickly state that Douglas Munro is the sole Coast Guard recipient of the Medal of Honor, and technically they are correct, sort of. Marcus Hanne was born in 1842 but headed to sea as a cabin boy at age 10. With the outbreak of the Civil War, he immediately enlisted for one year in the Union Navy. When his enlistment expired he joined the 50th Massachusetts Infantry. During a battle he found himself in a ditch with a band of fellow soldiers pinned down by Confederates. The Boys in Blue were desperately in need of water, but when an officer asked for a volunteer to run 150 yards to a spring, no one responded. Finally Hanne

raised his hand, took several canteens and raced under heavy fire to get the water and return. He did this several times before the Rebels quit target practice on him. His Commanding Officer put him up for a Medal of Honor and a Lifesaving Medal.

It must be stated clearly that the US had no other military medal except for the Medal of Honor and Purple Heart. George Washington disliked all the flash and color of the British military and refused to allow the Continental Congress the establishment of medals except for the Purple Heart (which is why Washington's profile is on the medal). Nevertheless, Hanne deserved such an honor.

The veteran requested Lighthouse Service duty after the war and he was ordered to Pemaquid. On January 25, 1885, the ship *Australia* foundered on the rocks in icy weather. Hanne immediately rushed to aid the two survivors who were suffering hypothermia. He repeatedly sent a messenger line across to the men who had lashed themselves to the mast, however, neither could gather in the line. Finally, as he himself was worn out, Hanne's line was caught and a survivor managed to tie a rope around himself in order to be pulled through the water to safety. Continuing to toss a line to the lone man aboard the wreck, Hanne became so fatigued that he could not pull the man ashore. Fortunately, Mrs Hanne had sought local help and others pulled the man to land. For his actions, Hanne was awarded the Lighthouse Service Gold Lifesaving Medal.

The Lighthouse Service was merged with other units to form the Coast Guard, as we know it today. The Coasties can claim two Medals of Honor, but one with an asterisk.

Merchant Fleet

A container ship capsized in Bandar Abbas, Iran, sinking 153 containers. Iranian officials blamed improper loading as the source of the problem while others claim it was miscommunication between the captain and other officers. Reports are varied but possibly three crewmen were injured. Officials said that the ship was the *LS Star* but offered no other information. No such ship exists on the registry. This is not unusual because countries trading with Iran face huge difficulties with the United States that has placed a trade embargo against the country. Evidently, painting over the name on the hull and renaming the vessel circumvents the issue. A similar size and configured ship exists under a UAE flag.

Flames engulfed a small Korean tanker two miles from Odong Island in Korea. Several Good Samaritan ships and several SAR vessels came to its aid. Two officers in the wheelhouse were found dead and the chief engineer was seriously wounded.

The Solomon Islands, infamous for the World War II amphibious landings and sea battles, are tackling another battle due to the wreck of a bulkier, *Solomon Trader*. Two hundred thirty tons of bunker fuel leaked into the pristine waters off Rennell Island, the most southern island in the chain. Six thousand tons remain onboard. Everyone involved loudly denied any responsibility for the incident because it was an "Act of God," or the Cyclone Oma as weather experts call it. It is apparent that the spillage boom was never set. Worse, the ship began as a wreck. It sank in 2012, was refloated, repaired and renamed. Rick Hou, acting prime minister, decried the incident and threatened to blacklist everyone

involved. Australian authorities are equally upset. This ship's previous sinking was on the Great Barrier Reef. Such is the merchant game afloat!

As if we don't have enough problems, an analytic group called C4ADS discovered that the GPS systems on which we mere mortals without sextants require have become a toy for the Russians who are jamming and spoofing the navigational machines. One method the ex Reds are doing is spoofing the location of the GPS. Over 10,000 GPS systems have been given wrong coordinates, thus receivers fail to function as advertised. When they are not spoofing the locations they simply jam up the airways. All of this, of course, has been denied as mere allegations without merit, however, the US Delegation to the International Marine Organization and the International Telecommunications Union has cried "foul" stating that this is dangerous to airplanes and ships at sea.

Now for those of you who do not believe in Russian/US gamesmanship, I suggest the book *Blind Man's Bluff*. It is about US submarine intelligence gathering inside the three mile zone of the Soviet Union when the Soviet Union was the Soviet Union.

Environment

Lewiston, Minnesota, had the best students, faculty and staff of any public school with which I worked. In the middle '70s I substitute taught there for weeks at a time and loved every minute. Now this village is home to a bitter battle over cows, lots of cows. Daley Farms milks over 1,600 cows daily and it wants to enlarge to 4,000 cows in a virtual factory farm. No need for a PhD in mathematics to conjure up images of tons of cow poop that needs to go somewhere. While holding ponds, separators and evaporation tanks offer environmental protection, the potential for disaster is a given. Flooding, mechanical failure and occasionally human error occurs so often around these type of factory farms that one can virtually hold their breath until a breach happens. The result is massive fish kills, poisoned water, incredible smells and overall ecological damage. Needless to say, some of the residents are not happy with the expansion.

Mayors along the Mississippi River have appealed to President Trump for financial assistance caused by climate change. The Top Dogs claim that increased rain and flooding have cost Minnesota and Iowa cities over \$10 billion in unplanned expenditures. The National Climate Assessment organization predicts that it will only get worse.

Global warming, my foot. Those icebergs floating into shipping lanes are fake news. The increased Russian and Chinese shipping through the Northwest Passage is a scare tactic from the Liberal/Socialist Press. The boys at Tic Toc Tap say so and they are always right. Just ask them.

The waters around Lock #8 in the Big Water is clogged with water hyacinth and Wisconsin DNR plans on removing about 99% of this invasive species this summer. This is the fourth invasion in recent years. Pool 5 and Lake Onalaska suffered from this plant that forms thick matting that impedes fish propagation and general boating.

While Iowa farm statistics seem a far reach for sailors, the data from the US Agricultural Department indicates why we have the dead zone in Louisiana. Farming has evolved significantly over the last 60 years beyond

simply the technology. Allamakee County, the most northeast county in Iowa, bordered by the Mississippi and Minnesota and the center of the Regan clan since 1848, has lost 50% of its farms since 1960. At that time the average dairy farm had 9.7 cows, a couple of dozen hogs and some chickens. Within 40 years the average dairy farm was 133. Total cattle rose from 55,000 to 68,000 in the same period.

The typical farm of my youth had acres of corn, barley, wheat, oats, pastureland and few soybeans. Today most farmers Allamakee County farmers are totally grain farmers planting corn and soybeans. You cannot find a wheat, barley or oats field. Cattle are in large confinement lots fed commercial feed rather than self grown grain. Seven hundred beef cattle in a small acreage are not uncommon. Dairy herds are no longer 135 cows but rather large lots. Regancrest farms (those are the rich Regans and our relationship goes back to Ireland) milk about 600-700 cows twice a day and milk the top 10% producers three times a day.

The point (yeah, I am getting to it, Mississippi Bob) is that 55,000 cows pooping all over the county is one thing. The manure of 65,000 cows in a concentrated area is something with which Mother Nature cannot contend. Despite collection ponds and dams, spillage is a monthly occurrence and fish kills for lengthy distances along streams and small rivers are intense.

The movement to totally grain farming also brings massive environmental concerns. Monsanto, Cargill, DuPont and others provide enough pesticide, herbicide, fungicide and chemical fertilizer to grow corn on a rock and soybeans on pavement. Worse, farmers no longer rotate crops simply because they don't have to. The quality of soil is of minor importance because we can chemically make stuff grow.

When I was young, a newly plowed field was deep, fertile and black with the very odor of richness. Today Iowa fields are tan, sticky and could be used for Play Dough. Our topsoil has gone south. Iowa remains the #1 polluter of the Mississippi and our pollution is primarily farm runoff.

The President claims that windmills cause cancer. If that be true, then sailing is probably a health hazard also. The Department of Health will probably abscond with our boats or at least steal the sails. Save America! Trade in your dingy for a gas guzzling speedboat! Make 'Merica Great Again! True patriots have Quad 300hp motors.

(Commentator's Note: Doc Regan has a red MAGA hat that was a gift from his son. Unfortunately, he is not allowed to wear it near his children or grandchildren or the local marina.)

Inland Waters

A Covington, Louisiana, marine company has created a new propulsion system using two sets of twin engines arrayed to a single gearbox for each set that will generate about 3,200hp. Using the Mitsubishi 30 liter, six cylinder S6R2-Y3MPTAW-2 engines mated to Twin Disc Nico gearboxes made by Sewart, Laborde Products says that this is not particularly unique since such engineering is used in military landing craft who use Detroit 671 engines mated to a single Allison gearbox. Please note that the proper names of the engines will be on Friday's test.

Speaking of Mitsubishi, its Mitsubishi Turbocharger and Engine America Inc will team with JMP Marine for seven new keel cooler pumps. JMP will supply the JPR-

ME5000 that are heavy and continuous duty engines. At 158gph and at 2,850rpm, the JPR ME5000 uses a bronze impeller cooling pump with a 2" pipe thread (NPT) inports and a 1.5" NPT outports. This too will be on the test. No notes and no cheating!

Grain barges full of corn and soybeans broke loose and slammed into Lock and Dam #11 in Dubuque, Iowa. One barge went through the gate and two others sank upstream but not in the shipping channel. The accident caused a shutdown for a day but officials assured everyone that no damage was done and the lock was open for the 11 tows awaiting entry. The *MV Miss Dorothy*, a two screw tow with a 4, 200hp engine, owned by Western Rivers Boat Management in Paducah, pushed the barges. The Lock had two scheduled 36-hour closures for normal inspection and repair.

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



HILARY RUSSELL

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Matt Murphy, Editor, WoodenBoat Magazine

"Hilary Russell...has demonstrated...how to build a vessel that combines beauty and practicality to a degree rarely achieved." **George Dyson, Author of Baidarka**

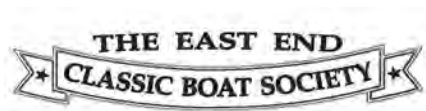
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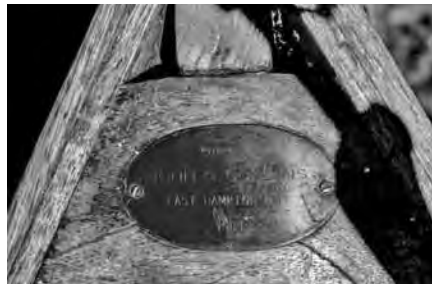
An objective of the East End Classic Boat Society is the preservation of small craft designed and built for the East End (Long Island, New York). An opportunity came to us through the recent donation of a dory/skiff sloop that had been sailed on Hook Pond. We were very glad to discover the boat was built by John G. Collins in 1983. John Collins, from a local family, was a brilliant wood worker and boat builder. He was the first East Hampton Town boatwright appointed by Ralph Carpenter. This included a job at the original home of the East End Classic Boat Society at the foot of Gann Road, Town Docks, on Three Mile Harbor.

The boat we received is rigged with a single spritsail and has a centerboard, ideal for the shallow waters of Hook Pond. She has substantial rocker to her bottom and has the tucked in raised transom that is a characteristic of small skiffs built by Tom Bennett (a reproduction of one can be seen on www.eecbs.com). This design allowed the boat to be easily turned on a beach for launching.

We have a fundraising program underway that will allow us to store this boat in a new shed that will allow us to keep this Collins Dory, the 1924 Georgica Catboat and other works in progress safely and accessible. If you would like to contribute to this project, please send your contribution to the



The John Collins



shop indicating its purpose. Your support will be greatly appreciated.

The East End Classic Boat Society was established to maintain and advance traditions of classic boat design, construction, maintenance and seamanship through education, demonstrations and sharing resources and ideas. We invite anyone who would like to enjoy the fun of wooden boat building to join at the Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat Shop in Amagansett. For those with no prior woodcraft experience, it's a chance to learn. For those with know how, it's an opportunity to use their skills to guide others. The cost of belonging is only \$35 a year.

Our group works to maintain traditional skills used to build and restore vintage era boats. Members come from all walks of life, including metal workers, writers, cabinet-makers, artists, carpenters and doctors. We are open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9am to 2 pm.

The society operates from a well appointed, modern building filled with a wealth of equipment, tools and machinery used to construct new boats of classic design and restore vintage watercraft. The boat shop was built in 2008 and is located behind the marine museum at 301 Bluff Road in Amagansett. You can reach us at (631) 324-2490. You can also contact us at our email address: Rhartjen@hamptons.com.



The hint of spring in Amagansett finds a very busy boat shop. The work on the 2019 raffle boat, a Catspaw dinghy, is proceeding on the first floor with the ribs set in anticipation of planking.



Steaming ribs (always done before lunch).



Ongoing In Our Shop

Working on the Catspaw's tiller.



On the lower level work is well along on the Herreshoff 12 1/2. All the frames are finally in place and preparation is underway to fit a new sheer stake.



There is one restored skiff being fitted for new rub rails with a second skiff restoration just beginning as a high school project.



Tucked in the corner are two make and break engines from the early 20th century that are being researched for restoration by a team of volunteers.



Proclamation

Whereas, Ray Hartjen, a prominent member of the East Hampton Community since 1931 when he summered in Springs with his parents, showed an early interest in boating and marine life, building his first boat at the age of seven, has been a licensed fisherman and skipper since 1947 and was fond of saying that as a boy he had a different boat for every day of the week; and

Whereas, he took a brief hiatus from his academic pursuits when he enlisted in the Army where he trained as Military Police in 1952 and was truly inspired, becoming the private skipper to a four star general and piloting US Army J-1437, the US Army Transportation Corps' 90' boat, a 110' rescue boat and a 175' inter island freight ship; and

Whereas, after returning to his education he spent most of his professional life working in academia, focusing on alternative education and making a lasting impact in his field, earning his PhD in Educational Research Metrologies in 1975 from the University of Pittsburgh and publishing a highly successful book, *Empowering the Child: Nurturing the Hungry Mind*, in 1994; and

Whereas, Mr Hartjen returned to Springs upon retirement in 1996 and has continued to devote his time and talents to the community as a member of the Trails Preservation Society and President of the East End Classic Boat Society, an organization that supports and demonstrates classic craftsmanship and marine design; and

Town Honors Skipper

Our Skipper and founding member Ray Hartjen has been honored by the town of East Hampton:



East Hampton Town supervisor Peter Van Scoyoc, presents Ray with his award.

Whereas, Mr Hartjen played an instrumental role in several projects including designing and constructing the Tanbark Creek Bridge, gathering signatures to bring public water to Gerard Drive in 2005, raising funding for the Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat Shop in 2008, now the permanent home of the East End Classic Boat Society and harvesting local black locust wood and raising funds to replace Springs Pussy's Pond Bridge in 2013; therefore be it

Proclaimed, that, for his many contributions and ongoing commitment to the community, the Town of East Hampton commends Ray Hartjen.



Ray's daughters Anne (left) with her two children, James and Elizabeth Lacone and Lisa.

Sail On, Skipper.



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A Look Around the Shop

Howard's looking for antique wind-shield hardware for this one, then he can stick the seats in and start on his next one. The thing that keeps me from doing a mahogany bright finished boat is it has to be perfect, I can't use any filler. He has some grandkids who'd love to have this beauty.



This is one almost like Howard's that Wally is doing. It's a foot shorter and a little narrower. Both are Glen L designs and if you think making a plywood boat is simple, just imagine bending these stringers to fit, and plywood does not like to bend into boat shapes either.



Next to Wally is Richard's new yellow boat. He sold the yellow Scamp *Dirty Banana* because it turned to be a little small for his giant frame and the sides were so high that it was hard to get into. This melonseed is exactly the opposite, simple to get into and out of and you can sit anywhere on the deck you want. It still needs a mast, boom and gaff as well as a cool name.



Jim has another melonseed underway. It's out here waiting for its new shop to get straightened up. This is hull #15 in this series of "Cortez" melonseeds with the hull design by Roger Allen. Jim added a little something extra to the bow. It's higher so maybe it'll crash through the waves a little dryer. We recommend making these hulls as heavy as possible, usually by adding many layers of glass. The goal is for the bare hull to be close to 300lbs so it's not so flippy when us old guys move around in it. The weight doesn't matter since these things are really overpowered with the 112sf gaff sails and the hulls are so perfect they slip through the water like it's air.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Laylah was the first one in the series and still sets the standard. I built her in 2006 and she's still going strong. And strong she is, it's a strip planked hull and glassed on the outside with two layers of heavy 17oz cloth and two layers of 10oz cloth and just because I tend to be rough on hulls I put a layer of Kevlar on the bottom in between these layers of glass from the bow back to the center-board trunk. Then I did the same to the inside except for the Kevlar. All of the other boats coming out of the shop are the same.



The local Traditional Small Craft Association had their annual meet in early April so I took *Laylah* and invited Jim to come along to see how they sail. He's never been in one before. I can honestly say that the weather was the worst I've ever been out in with a small boat. Sarasota Bay is shallow, about 6' and the wind was out of the south at an honest 15 to 20 and gusting higher so the waves were insane, short and steep and breaking. Add to that a lot of boat wakes coming from all directions and you get the picture.

I'm nuts and will go out in anything but I thought Rex and Cathy, Fairley and even Simon had more sense but they did go out in this crap and survived, not sure about Simon because I was leaving when he left. I gave him a good push off. It was a great day to show Jim what the boat can handle, we sailed all the way across the bay twice, crashed through some huge wakes and I even intentionally jibed once. He now knows what the splash rail does and why the decks are this wide. Oh yeah, my sail does not have any reef points. If we had turned over the boat floats on its side with no water getting in.

Simon has a couple of boats here, this one is awaiting a whole new cabin design.



And this little tug he's redoing. Simon gets overambitious sometime and he's a perfectionist so things take a while to finish.



Next to Simon's tug is John's houseboat. He's also a perfectionist and puts in a lot of time on this one. It's coming right along. If only he had a set of plans to show exactly what is what it would go much faster. His plans are in his head.



That leaves me, *Queen Anne* is slowly coming together but there are a million things to do. She's 37' long but only 8' wide with the inside cabin walls only 6' wide, not much room to stuff a whole house worth of stuff into.



I should stick to little sailboats, I can whip out a melonseed in six months. It's taken almost that long to do this fancy kitchen that's going in. The drawers are push to latch and unlatch so they don't open up when she's rolling. Helen asked where the garbage can is going so the second set of drawers from the left aren't really drawers, push and the whole thing pops open for the trash can. This thing fits up against a curved hull.



That's it, these are what you'd have seen if you had walked around the shops in late March.

These two ladies bought Richard's Scamp, probably the best one in the country. This boat is heavily glassed and some have asked if that will make it too heavy. I should hope so, or do you enjoy moving around in a tippy little light boat? Will some extra weight affect performance? These little things (under 12' long) are massively overpowered. At 100sf they have about the same sail area as my 16' melonseed and she seems overpowered a lot of the time. I did leave off the reef points to add the thrill of getting dunked. We made our hulls as heavy as possible, shooting for 300lbs so us old farts could move around without flipping out.



The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

Blue Water Medals

Former apprentice Bruce Halabisky and his wife Tiffany Loney were selected by the Cruising Club of America to receive the Club's prestigious Blue Water Medal. They were awarded the medal for their 11 year circumnavigation of the globe in *Vixen*, a 1952 John Atkin designed wood gaff rigged cutter with their two daughters as crew. (Photo Credit: CCA)



Basics of Lofting

A group of eight gathered at the Shop to learn the basics of lofting from former apprentice and veteran builder Mike Geer. By the end of the weekend, their heads were buzzing with all the information but they had produced three lovely loftings of an Acorn Skiff.



Norwegian Pram

The planking on this boat is almost complete, just the sheers are left! The builders are working on riveting in the frames and then will move on to making the transom.



Progress on the *Dublin Bay*

The *Dublin Bay* has gotten its first planks this month! The planking process is quite involved. It consists of scarfing up pieces of sipo to create a long enough piece of stock, making a pattern of the plank's shape, beveling the plank and hollowing out the back side so it will lay flush along the frames, and then cutting a caulking seam in the top of the plank so cotton caulking can be laid inside afterwards. The first few planks have gone slowly as apprentices familiarize themselves with the process and learn to deal with the challenges of carvel style planking. But they have developed some neat systems, including a handy router jig for scarfing, that will pay off in the long run. (Photo Credit: Erin Tokarz)



Water Wag

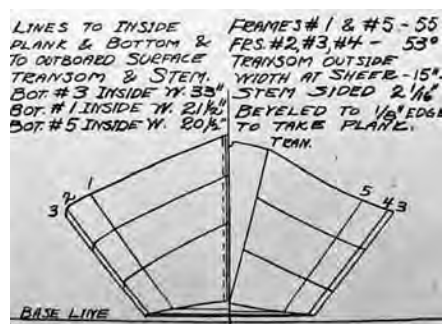
The garboard and broadstrakes are on! Unlike the *Dublin Bay*, the planking on this boat is quite thin and will be lapstrake so the *Wag* team has decided to alter the gains to leave a little more meat on them to fasten through. The gains are sections in the fore and aft ends of the boat that are carved out to allow the planking to lay flush.



We fielded a call to the Boathouse from a gentleman who recently completed building a 15' Fisherman's Dory from Chapter 10 of John Gardner's *Dory Book*, page 145 to be exact. He had a touching story to tell. He and a close friend built the boat as a final "bucket list" item, the friend passed away the night after he dropped off the recently completed oars. So, needless to say, this fellow is keeping the boat because it is important to him personally. He, however, is mobility challenged regarding one arm so wants to sail rather than row in circles. Understandable. So he was looking for a sail rig for the boat. All this came out in about an hour long conversation full of chuckles as well as serious conversation.

Bolger famously refused multiple requests to design a sail rig for his Gloucester Gull Dory, but this seemed like a special case. The gentleman listened patiently while I rambled on about all the potential sail rigs available. We touched on peak sprit (he liked the idea of a loose footed sail), sprit boom (with its raised boom and self vanging action due to a portion of the sail being below the boom) to the venerable gaff rig with its many spars and strings to pull.

When we got to lug rigs I gave him the benefit of my limited knowledge and recommended John Harris of Chesapeake Light Craft (CLC), a self professed Lugnut, with his excellent website of boat plans, including sail plans for narrow, flat bottomed boats. This latter bit was at the suggestion of our Dan Nelson who sails an 18 1/2' Southwester Dory, a CLC cat ketch design with two standing lug sails. Seems to have served him well from Bluff Point to Maine Small Reach Regatta to the harbor beaches in Duluth, Wisconsin.



Drawings courtesy of John Gardner's *Dory Book*, International Marine 1978 and 1982.



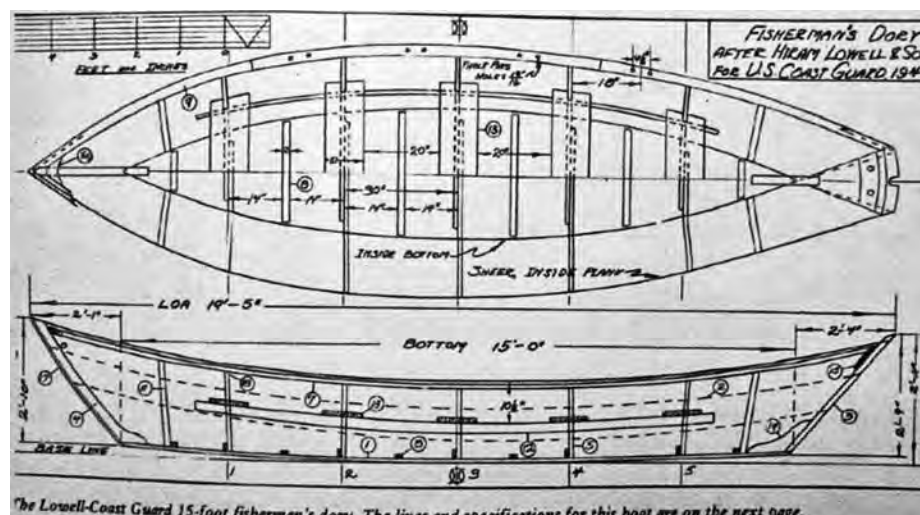
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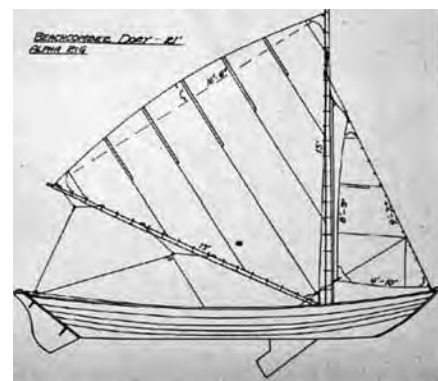
A Sail Rig For a Lowell Coast Guard 15' Fisherman's Dory

By Padeye
Drawing Courtesy of
John Gardner's *Dory Book*

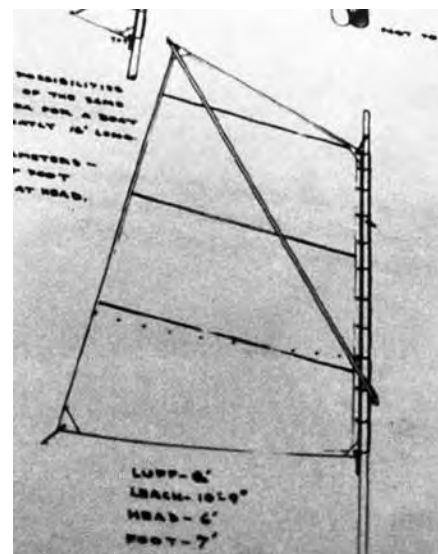


The Lowell-Coast Guard 15-foot fisherman's dory. The lines and specifications for this boat are on the next page.

It was while I was explaining that the other tricky bit is locating the centerboard and mast and how to experiment to find the center of lateral resistance (with the centerboard down but only part of the rudder, 10%?) and what percentages of lead (lead) famous designers (Ted Brewer) recommend for the center of sail area to lead lateral resistance, when the gentleman mercifully interrupted and advised me that he had already installed the centerboard and located the mast based on the beautiful Beachcomber Alpha Dory in Chapter 18, page 222 of Gardner's *Dory Book*. While described as a 21' boat, if you add the bottom station dimensions you find it close to the Fisherman's 15' so the boats, on the bottom at least, are similar. The Beachcomber has a rounded, more Sheepscot shape than the Fisherman's Banks shape, but at least the thwarts are in similar locations.



So that freed us up to talk about sails. He was not in favor of the deck sweeper boom on the Beachcomber although we noted its raised clew (aft corner) was up high so it would not drag if the dory tipped (dories tip? just in case). The tack (lower forward corner) was shown down at deck level, an indication of a racing heritage to increase sail area but, again, keeps the boom down low. We also noted the small foresail (jib) set flying. Well, almost flying, I would not want to clamber forward to clip its tack on the stem. Probably why period photographs all show an active crew of two sailing the boat. That small 20sf of sail forward of the mast can be handy, however. I remember Thad Danielson spinning his Mower Dory of the same vintage to land bow out at our finger pier during last year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. He backwinded the jib and made it look easy.



Our conversation went downhill from there to include talk about blue tarps from Home Depot, duct tape and closet rod for sprit spars. A balanced lug? Still has that boom down low. A standing lug? The tack is on the mast but still has some sail area forward of the mast for balance. A fisherman's lug? No, we're not going up to that stem head on every tack. Then I remembered Ben Fuller's 87 *Boat Designs from Mystic Seaport*. It has, on page 91, three nifty little sail plans, a small gaff, a peak sprit with a boom and, best of all, a peak sprit with a loose foot. All with about 60sf of sail area. Much smaller than the Beachcomber's but might be a good place to start for a single hander in a Banks dory.

One last twist to this story, just as he was leaving for Big Red he messaged me a photo of a sail he had already tried, a Sunfish (lanteen) rig. Perfect! I messaged back, "Why look any further?" Unless, of course, you really want a traditional, non Mediterranean, 19th century rig for your beautifully built traditional dory. Poking around the library after the call I found a hand printed booklet by a retired sailmaker (stitched together on the sailmaker's sewing machine) with a few pertinent rules of thumb for cutting the curves on the edges of the sails. I took photos of the pages and emailed them to the gentleman caller.

So why regale you with this Shaggy Dog story? Because, this is not your basic show and tell article. This is interactive. Send your thoughts and guidance regarding this fellow's sail quandary to "Padeye" (small-crafter@gmail.com) and we will pass them on to the owner of the 15' Fisherman Dory as well as publish them in an upcoming issue for everyone's further review and comment. Let's make this a team effort, let's get that Fisherman sailing.

Around the Shops

At our Avery Point Community Boat-house, Bill Armitage has successfully refinished the deck on his latest boat "find," a beautiful strip planked Melonseed skiff. Come spring it will grace his dock on Long Pond and add to the scenery on long summer evenings.



Bill Armitage's beautiful varnished deck.

After our Potluck and March meeting on Sunday the 5th we took advantage of the newly installed daylight savings time and toured the State of Connecticut's UCONN vessel *Connecticut*. We are fortunate to have the former Captain Dan Nelson among us, he

gave us an in depth tour from Engine Room to Bridge. Very informative. Thank you, Dan, and thanks to "Project O" for having us.



In group photo on board *R/V Connecticut* from left to right: Captain Dan Nelson, Jim Clark, John Hacunda, John Giulietti, Brian Cooper and Bill Rutherford.

At the Mystic Seaport Boathouse Livery and John Gardner Boat Shop volunteers and staff are readying boats for summer duty. To date 21 craft have fresh "putty and paint" and are ready to launch. Only a few remain.



Steve Telsey lacing *Breck Marshall's* gaff jaws Mike Messick and Bruce Carlson and varnishing *Green Machine's* rails.

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NJMB Mission Statement

The mission of the New Jersey Museum of Boating is to celebrate our state's rich maritime history. We are committed to educating, preserving, interpreting and presenting the boats built in New Jersey and the related marine equipment and materials traditionally used in the process.

Part of the Coastal Heritage Trail

In 2002 NJMB became the newest destination on the New Jersey Coastal Heritage Trail achieving recognition by the National Park Service for the historic value of its collection and location.

Boats N' Kids' Educational Programs

As part of our charter we are endeavoring to educate today's youth on the history of boating in New Jersey. As part of this effort, we offer several programs available to children to include basic boating safety, sailing for kids and family boat building. Call us today or visit our web site for more information.

Stop In and See Us!

Admission is free and in addition we offer free guided tours of an extensive collection of maritime arts and artifacts celebrating New Jersey's boating history. In addition, our new Nautical Library is in full swing and open to kids of all ages. Please call us at (732) 606-7605.

Nautical Library

Our nautical library is newly renovated and ready for use. Hundreds of volumes of books are available for your reading pleasure. Whether you are looking to build your first wooden rowboat, refinish your existing boat, read a good nautical tale of the open sea or complete research for a project on New Jersey boating, we have an extensive collection of books for all ages and interests. Easily located topics are found in the sections of Ocean Research, Naval History, Boating Safety, Navigation, Cruising the Eastern Seaboard, Fishing (salt and fresh water), Sailing Basics and our Sea Tales section which holds adventure tales from all of the seven seas. We also offer, for your convenience, a magazine section with *Wooden Boat*, *Yachting* and *Classic Boating* issues dating back to the 1960s.



New Jersey Museum of Boating

Submitted by John Smith

In 1998 the Museum was incorporated by several local boating enthusiasts. Its charter is to preserve, display and educate, primarily centered on our rich New Jersey boating heritage. In 1999 NJMB found a home at Johnson Brothers Boat Works in Point Pleasant and subsequently the public was invited to a preview of the Museum. That December NJMB received its IRS letter of determination as a 501(c)(3) non profit corporation and membership continued to grow. NJMB made it through super storm Sandy and has relocated in Building #13 at Johnson Brothers Boat Works, adding numerous new exhibits to its portfolio. With over 200 members and growing, NJMB boasts over 6,000 annual visitors and is a regular destination for Boy Scout Troops, Clubs and school groups from the Central New Jersey area.



New Jersey Racing Boat Construction

This new exhibit displays a 1928 New Jersey built step speedboat with "work in progress" educational material.



US Coast Guard Exhibit

Take a walk through the origins and history of the US Coast Guard and its vital role in providing boating safety.



Shipwrecks of New Jersey

Shifting sands was notorious for causing many an unwary sailor to unwittingly reef his craft.



Timeline of New Jersey Boat Builders

Over 167 boat builders came and went in our state over the past 100 years.



Crabbing at the Jersey Shore

A Jersey Shore tradition, the blue claw crab represents a major industry along the New Jersey shore.



The Real Speedboats

There is "Nothing like a ride in a Mahogany Speedboat," our display shows many of the icons of summers of long ago.



Snoopy New Jersey Racing Garvey

One of the last of the New Jersey racing garveys which were popular along the shore areas.



Barnegat Bay Sneak Box

The sneak box, named for its ability to sneak up on its prey, is one of New Jersey's most famous small crafts.



Historic Outboard Motors

Our display includes some of the older motors, used in the 1940s to 1960s.

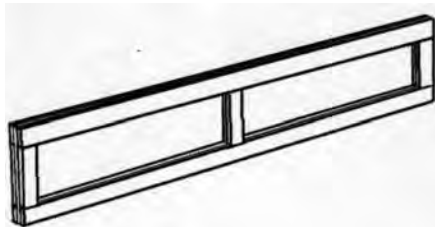


Aha, I think I can see how *Dancing Chicken* may be able to do both the folding thing and the cruising thing with the addition of another one or two modules. I will still have to "twiggle" to see just how much more complicated this will make it. Obviously it's already at a point where if I decided to offer plans, I could most likely not make one of those "and it only takes X number of minutes to..." statements. Although, come to think of it, I could maybe say something like, "This craft has enough unusual abilities that it's well worth the extra time that it takes to..." Oh well, so much for that for now because even if I ever did decide to do something like that, she won't be ready for anything like that by, say, next Tuesday.

Meanwhile, I did fix that door. This is the one regarding which I stated in Part XXV: "Then again, if I can get the door that's on there already working reasonably well, along with the factor of having the smaller door now usable, that will probably do for the time being while I get back to work on *Dancing Chicken*." Every winter I have to shovel out the "door well" (also referred to in Part XXV) in order to be sure that when it snows, I can still open the door. There's a smaller door set into the main door which in Part XXV I also recounted that I was able to get open.

Yep, good ol' Gorilla Tape and sheet rock screws. Obviously temporary, but OK for the time being. And besides, it's off my mind for the moment and I can concentrate more fully on *Dancing Chicken*, which work, of course, did not totally come to a screeching halt with the work on the door. Aside from the aft frames being almost completed, I've been working on solutions for that juncture.

In Part XXV I'd figured out a piece that I figured might work for the various bulkhead and bow member parts, but then I figured that for the juncture, it needed another part to go with it. Here's Part I:



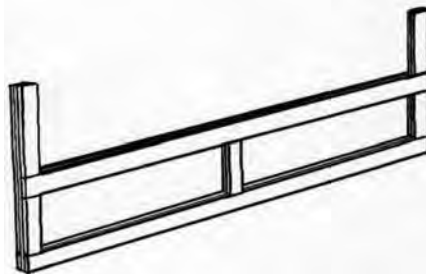
Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts

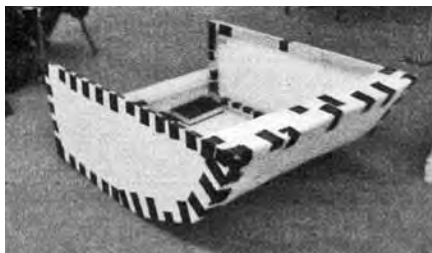
Part XXVI

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And here's Part II:



To be better able to see where these parts go, here's that picture of the three dimensional rough sketch of the forward section sitting at the back of the auditorium at church.



That aft bulkhead already on there is coroplast, which I figure that for that juncture would not be rigid enough to be the actual working in the water juncture. So Part I goes on the inside, Part II goes on the outside and they get fastened together by bolts and/or whatever other expedients I come up with during the "hands on" I mentioned in Part XXV.

In that episode I also expressed the following speculation, "...one thing I'm asking myself is, 'If I continue on with this design as is (and postulating that I will indeed come up with a satisfactory joining scheme that will keep her safely intact while underway) will she ever be more than a pool toy?'" I think I must have been wondering about the capa-

bilities of coroplast, of which I still know less than I need to know or, hopefully, will know in the near future.

Two things about that. One is, one of the bus drivers was telling me about a friend of his who, in some official capacity, travels extensively on the bay utilizing his coroplast kayak which folds up into a suitcase. Here's one site on which either that one or one very similar may be viewed: <https://www.rei.com/product/116737/oru-kayak-bay-st-folding-kayak>.

That's one thing, namely, the factor that coroplast may be more capable than I realize. The other thing is, did I forget that "there's always a way?" This would include there being a way to make sure that whatever I want her to be capable of, there is a way to do that. One expedient I've heard of is covering the bottom of a boat with glue and canvas. Would she still be able to fold though? Hmmmm. I could use test pieces. Anyway, the point being, well, I guess I already said that part, right?

Also, I referred earlier to "another one or two modules." One of these might be something that could cover the bottom, be attached right before launch and be rugged enough to withstand various challenges to the integrity of the bottom such as gravelly beaches, rocks, etc. Of course, another way of avoiding problems with rocks is to know where they are beforehand, such as checking out the launch site and expedition route and having good charts, etc. But I digress.

Meanwhile, on we go. Hopefully very soon I can start "twiggling" and getting hands on, which I've found is where one says "Oh aha!" or admittedly, sometimes Oh. Oops!" (Part XXV). Will the content of the next "twiggling" session be more "Oh aha!" or more "Oh. Oops!"? We shall see.



Buried Treasures

Everything was too big, too small, too this, too that. A pretty simple project, get the right tires and wheels on *Mr Brogans*. After robbing a couple of easy marks from the fleet, the best(?) candidates were probably on *Mr Tom*, *Miss Kathleen's* trailer. That increasingly dirty white stuff is still snow frog depth and there's ice in the depression where those tires that I began to think I should borrow for a tryer were parked. Also *Mr B's* fenders haven't worked out either.



Then I remembered another hard to get to possibility and a less than delightful place to run a sawzall, pinch fingers with rusty bolts and drop wrenches in the snow. To add to my list of excuses, it began to rain. But priorities are, well, priorities. First came the tire, not quick or particularly easy, but done.



Admittedly a challenge and not all that rewarding when finally accomplished. But then Rod showed up with the last cushion for the starboard settee area. I was pretty wet and pretty frazzled. What a nice thing! And what a pleasant diversion. He's still gonna make us a berth cushion and one for the head box. All in all that little cabin is getting to be downright homey. A short respite certainly more fun than installing fenders in the rain.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers



Small World

A while back I was out front on *Alice* trying to bust our residual snow, mostly ice, now berms around the driveway, so I could make the turn with *Walkabout*. I was headed off to the scale to get some idea of how heavy she is gonna be. A strange lady came by walking her dog. She said, "I see you've got *Miss Kathleen* down in the woods. I'm wondering why you left her uncovered this year?" Turns out she works at the Idaho point of entry boat inspection station in the summer. Seems Jamie the Seadog, *Miss K* and I are on their website as "one of the cool boats, that we like..."

I decided to tow *Walkabout* to town on several errands. We might even make it to the ramp if I played my cards right. First stop was to see Linda, the Nice Lady who runs the vehicle licensing section at the courthouse. She was a big help with getting *Mr Tom*, the tandem trailer, inspected and registered last winter. She informed me that the state has a new rule. If you have a boat of "significant age" you have to get three "marinas" to give you a value estimate.

I said, "...but, buttttt, this is the ONLY one, and besides, where am I gonna find anybody who knows more about this stuff than me?" She flipped pages and pushed buttons and even tried to "give me the clues" when I filled out one of her forms, she sort of frowned and offered me a blank one, and, well, she was a lot of help. As I was getting ready to undarken her counter she recalled how we went through this with *Miss K* about four years ago. She even remembered the commissioning ceremony Dean and I did that winter. I said, "Jeez, I haven't seen Dean in over a year, wonder what he's up to, bye and thanks, Linda."

I was off to the lumberyard. I passed Rod's place on the way but didn't stop. I called, and told him that I was on the way east and just might make it to the ramp before the day was out. As I pulled into the lumberyard parking lot, who should follow me in but Dean? He was driving his converted school bus and pulled up alongside our little wagon train. Just as I was stepping inside his bus for the first time a family group was also walking across the parking lot and headed our way.

Half hour later Dean and I were still talking boats with a guy who had been in Viet Nam about the same time I was. He was in gunboats and had been born a Dutch citizen and while he was in country he had to renounce his Dutch citizenship and his attempt to become an American citizen got snafu'd. Literally a man without a country. But he did two combat tours attending OUR war. Sometime, during all this parking lot socializing, Rod showed up with the last of the cushions.

As Rod was crawling in, and the Dutch guy was leaving, another guy pulled up. Seems he's a Real Boat Builder Guy who is now retired from a career restoring the mahogany runabouts of the upper crust. Turns out this guy was also a Viet Nam Navy vet, landing craft running up and down the rivers and even though he "doesn't work on those boats any more, he repairs antique furniture."

But he has been working for several years on a Century Resorter for the guy who owns the restaurant where Jim and I stopped in for a late lunch/early dinner a couple of days ago when Jim was in town, and we ended up taking *Walkabout* down to the Priest River ramp for that truncated photo op. Of course, we talked to the restaurant guy about his boat project when we were there Saturday. And then here came Amy, the Nice Lady from the paint department who makes our special witches' brew that makes pine into antique pine almost instantly and who wised me up to Gorilla Glue construction goop that actually works better than the hitherto gold standard, PL. She climbed aboard and took the cook's tour.

By then we'd been out in the parking lot, according to Jess the cashier, for about an hour. And I only went there for a propane fitting, that the guy in plumbing showed me that I really didn't need, to convert the veteran swing stove that has been on at least a dozen prior boats to a countertop hard mount setup that I've been wondering about for decades but never gave it a try until tonight. If that works I'll just make a butcher block stove hole filler replacement for the one remaining scrap from *Miss K's* first iteration.



Arrows Have Two Ends

This hull, as intended back about when Nixon was trying to debate JFK, would have likely sported a several hundred pound motor on the rump. Further, it would be unusual for people to be sitting or otherwise occupying the forward half when underway.



So when some budding genius comes along and puts a helm station right up in the eyes of the ship and tosses a lightweight outboard and about three gallons of gas back aft, things are just not likely to be quite as they once were. This trim down by the bow isn't our first rodeo with this sort of thing. We've still got to place a fixed gas tank, a fixed water tank and a fixed propane tank back under and adjacent to the motor well. And a couple of deep cycle lead acid batteries can migrate back there, too.

This arse up chin down attitude leads to a bigger problem. She becomes increasingly unstable in the yaw rate department wriggling over the water like a huge earthworm. By walking aft I can just about get her back to running in a straight line. This led to some inconclusive experiments with a canoe paddle blade and a call to Sam.



I offered him lunch at world famous AJs if he'd come down and study vortices, laminar flow patterns and such mental effluvia and confirm or deny my main thesis. In addition to moving heavy stuff down aft I was pretty sure we were gonna need some sort of skeg or rudder or even a partial wall back there. If nothing else, it was a great excuse to launch *Walkabout* again and motor back and forth and back and forth and back on a sunny, deserted, Saturday. Sam would get a great opportunity to dust off his slide rule and solve some heady algebra equations and even dip into his vast store of trigonomical fandangos.



Sam insists that it's a simple matter of getting the CeePee out ahead of the CeeGee. The more far ahead, the more wiggle worm at the helm. We went down there today with a quickie driveway manufactured "test fixture." It's a mahogany daggerboard off a long deceased sailboat cinched on with a cinch down strap. You can see it just outboard to port of Miss Suzi.



As Sam was able to explain to me, in his very best professorese, "...that's why arrows have the fuzzy part at the back and the heavier the pointy part of the arrow, the more fuzzy stuff you need at the back end." So now I can show you what we cobbled together. Pretty slick and it just might work. I'll certainly take another test run.

Stick with a Hot Project

Stick with a hot project long enough and you'll reach some sort of a conclusion, hopefully the one you were working toward.

This is supposed to be a back in bumper, a hand grab, a swim ladder mount and a Bernoulli meets Archimedes invention that is supposed to make this boat run straight as a string until I'd rather it turned. Oh yeah, and it should be able to be steered by leaning when that seems like a good idea, like when nobody is actually driving the bus. So far pretty darn good.



Some Folks Still Make Their Own Entertainment

Yesterday was about my fifth, or maybe sixth, trip down to the only launch ramp that isn't still frozen in, here in AlmostCanada. More wunderwhuts hadda get stuffed into the figgeritowts bucket. Still fooling with trailer stuff. At least that was the excuse.



I called Sam, to see if he wanted to come along and see for himself how the water that follows *Walkabout* in and around those two new vestigial fin thingies I slapped onto the back porch goes and comes.



We spent the better part of one or two afternoons speculating on this sort of thing. It actually has to do with getting the hull to track in what an engineering genius like Sam call "directional stability." What we got is something that resembles the HOV lane on a freeway at rush hour someplace. The streams on the outside slick on by and make something like a 50s DA, back when some of the guys I know still had enough hair to comb and grease such a thing into place. The one in the middle seems to be haulin' buckets in the exactly opposite direction. That was the proposed attraction anyhow. Just as I was headed out, Rod called. I told him to meet us at the ramp for a great opportunity to see what near-300lbs of people might do to that bubbling HOV lane.

Earlier the previous morning I had been out experimenting with a new technique we'll just think of as "freeze dried painting." And I also cobbled together a new prototype bow chock well before our temps got above 20°F. So we had a mission.



We launched and speculated and fooled around with this and that. I'll bet we made another 20 passes up and down the navigable portion of the river to add to a completely colored in bread crumb trail on Mr Geepers' screen. Like that old song about "...smokin'."

We got to experiment with everybody up forward and everybody aft. We messed with this, we messed with that. One of those shipboard Chinese Firedrill scenarios. "... all hands for'd, lay aft, all hands aft, lay for'd, all hands 'midships, direct traffic..." kinda extravaganza.



Our committee has come to a conclusion. *Walkabout* has learned to go where she's pointed. We're gonna be just fine. Gonna need a new excuse to go play on the river.



A Matter of Perspective

Larry sent me a biography on Leonardo. I often pick it up for a few pages. I think the first book I ever read about the Great Polymath from Vinci was a hard bound copy I got from the Bookmobile, parked outside my third grade classroom. Seems he liked dreaming stuff up way more than getting a complete painting on canvas, a dilemma many of us face. Possibly the greatest genius that ever lived just didn't like finishing something. Apparently the juice was in the designing and the imagining and the wunderwhuts and whatifs, not so much in that metric handed down from his Renaissance peers, journeyman production.

A short background note. I was raised in the household of a commercial artist and watercolor painter. My dad was still teaching art when he died at 94. I've been around drawings and sketch books and full on paintings my whole life. But there's this pen and ink drawing I saw once, when I was about seven or eight, that finally came full circle for me. I have no earthly idea what ever happened to it, something my dad would have drawn in high school and I only really remembered it today. Well, the impact of that sketch finally explained itself.

This sketch that came back 65 or so years ago is a starboard bow aspect of a very narrow, deep forefoot, motor launch breaking through the back of a steep sea. The point of viewing is as if by a sea gull floating well below the vessel from the trough. She has a wholesome amount of flair to her forward

sections. There is the angular superstructure of a '20s or '30s vintage boat that was likely the subject.

Walkabout has been a project largely bereft of the "juice" of new discovery and new problems to be solved, mostly just drudgery and impatience to get her into the water and operational. But there is this "thing" about that hull. I have been quite fascinated with her lines from the first time I saw a bow on photograph of her sitting in John and Claire's field. Something that I had been looking for but I just couldn't quite place the whys and howcomes until reading about how Leonardo studied forms as a function of perspective and angle of viewing. When I recalled a sketch a rather esoteric and eccentric fascination made a lot more sense.



Details, Details, Details...

We've got three ways to secure the bow now. The turnbuckle is hiding behind the second turn of the bowline. We've got another method of aligning the hull with the trailer. It has to be wide and narrow and high.



And then there's the emergency/auxiliary propulsion thing. Phil loaned me his Minni'rude last summer to push *Plan-B*, the inflatable, around the pond. He didn't ask for it back yet. Soooooo. We made a hangin' up place for it which met with a conditional OK. Well, maybe just a provisional OK.



We've tried freeze dried painting but downpour painting hasn't caught on so much. And then there's that carpet I got for the longitudinal bunks. Not a bunch of fun getting it inserted and secured while the boat is sitting on 'em. So for the moment we've got some "surplus." Kate isn't ready to sign off on the color but some of us don't exactly understand that the cushions aren't also gray.



And then, try as I might, I simply lost direction. I got this top reading compass off eBay. Julie, the Nice Mail Delivery Lady brought it to a mailbox near us. Just gonna be perfect until I sort of tried to "swing ship" in the driveway while on the (I hasten to add, ferrous metal) trailer during a lull in the rain. Well, the stereo speaker that is hanging right next to the helm contains a big ol' magnet. And that helm assembly contains lotsa ferrous metal. It's the very same one that still has slack in it, even after Sam's and Rod's and my best efforts to rectify things the other day out on the river. Right now the location closest to the wheel that seems to work best is smack dab in the middle of the galley counter, the one that will have to be replaced with something else sooner or later.



Making Rain While the Hay Shines

Some jobs are easier if you can actually see what you are doing. Putting carpet on trailer bunks is likely one of them. It's just a matter of having a place to put the boat for a while. And, of course, since *Walkabout* was already wet we did have that flat pitched, four blade prop to try out. Quite a bit smoother, quieter, too. Either that or we've simply worn this part of the river down smoother.



Mr Geepers appears to have recorded about 60 miles up and down the river in a week or so testing this, testing that. Besides, somebody's gotta make it rain. These roof-boats are noted for those conditions. Even our home waters are getting decidedly more watery around the edges. Spring is definitely in the air. Wonder where everybody is?



Rain, Cold and Unexpected Blessings

Walkabout resists centering herself on *Mr Brogens*. Every window and window frame has leaked, is leaking or will leak in the

near future. Not surprisingly, we were the only activity on the ramp today. One of those "Try something, try something else, try the same thing over again" kinda days. As I backed down that holed and rutted and bumpy ramp for the bazillionth time, I was feeling particularly sorry for myself. It's a game of quarter inches and a lot of guesswork. And lots of "maybe this time" incantations.



After I got tired of backing down into the river I was busy "taking advantage" of the rain to search for yet another clutch of window leaks. I was getting more goo on my fingers than on the leaks. Feeling pretty sorry for myself. And then something reminded me of two more things. One thing I know, the other I suspect. On a day like this there just ain't a whole lot of places to go and fewer things to do. That's what I know.

This is what I suspect. Our only operational launch ramp for miles and miles is also the site of a modest park, one tucked in between a muddy chuck holed road, a muddy languid river, a decidedly industrial lumber loading yard and rail head and a logging equipment repair yard. Not your Big City sort of playground. I'm down there a lot for boat related reasons but, on a Sunday like this one, I also see a continuous stream of family groups.

Almost inevitably they will be a youngish man and one or several small kids. Almost inevitably they will walk the bottomed out dock, search out treasures in the muddy hillside that will one day return to swimming area bottom and then go swing on the swing set. If I spend an hour or two down there I'll watch this happen several times. What I suspect is that this is the one day out of the week these souls have together.



So there I was, spreading yet more goo parked over by the swings. Another truck pulls up, another family group steps out into the continuing drizzle. But this time I stopped messing with my own troubles. This time I looked closer. Today I don't think it mattered "where" so much as "with whom."

It's Been a Hard Winter

But today was a celebration, *Walk-about's* first trip to Priest Lake. It even sorta stopped raining for this excursion. It was time to head out and search for a ramp. This time of year some are still under the snow, some are too shallow and, sooner or later one will be just right! While Jamie and I were on a pleasure cruise of sorts (searching for an open ramp) we ran across Kelly the Canvas Lady's brother Kevin's little tug, *Brenna Lee* is a working girl and appears to have been at it since ice out.



Too soon it was getting on toward sundown and still we were groping around looking for that Just Right ramp. Finally, Jamie the Seadog asked the obvious, "Why don't we just go to Granite Creek and give this searching around "closer" up for the bad idea it's becoming?" So, like stable horses headed to a familiar barn, off we went. And the ramp was clear and plenty deep.



My notion was pretty simple. We'd launch at GC and make the familiar run around the corner and across to Elkins. My assumption was that the bar would be open and I could get a couple of those BBQ burgers I so like and take 'em home for dinner. That was the assumption.



Not a lot of activity but it's early yet. Jamie was right at home, new boat, new cushion, same ol' Jamie the Seadog.



OK, that's more like it!



I KNOW that it shoals in close at Elkins. Everybody knows. Our on order depth sounder is still "in the mail" but, as we got closer to where I figured I could moor at the still closed gas dock, I looked down from that starboard side picture window. Damn! That bottom looked close. Quick to neutral from dead slow. Bump! Grind! Oops!

Sooooooooo glad that four blade prop had stopped spinning about a nanosecond before. I paddled the last 50 yards. Guess what, bar's closed today. No BBQ today. Thank God, we at least still got all four in the prop blade department. Especially because we were the only ones out there. But we'd be happy to make room if you'd like to come along. Next time?

A Temporary Fix

Standing in a cold rain with a tube of magicgoo in my cold, twitching fingers I realized that my hopes for those hex ports were never likely to be a success. Those big, beautiful "picture windows," too? And those fixed and opening forward panels, too? And

that section that was gonna wait for "next time" to get glassed over and trimmed?



Truly a hair shirt and googun kinda day. Simon and Garfunkel probably said it best with their ode to Mrs. Robinson, "...laugh about it, shout about it, any way you look at it, you lose..." Yep. I'm pretty sure I knew how ol' Mrs. R felt about things.

It's one of those times when "good enough for now" just ain't. At least, not right now?

It's All Good

Heavy rain. Steady leaks. Tubes of "emergency goo." Turns out, a trip Jamie the Seadog and I have been working toward with significant fervor is happening without us. The Coots are gathering in Depoe Bay this weekend and we didn't go.

Instead, we went down to the local river, a spontaneous and very short trip compared to what we've been expecting. I called Rod on the way over and he showed up. The mission was to test the new depth sounder. Only one way to do that, put the boat in the water.



Of course, the sun came out just like it'll be in Depoe Bay likely. Nobody cares about leaking windows, when the sun is out.

Of course, the sun came out. We'll probably think of something, to go out and test.



A Crazy Notion

I've been dealing with leaks and drips and puddles and unexpected wet spots for weeks now. I just came in from removing those hex windows and replacing them with something less exotic. They brought back a phrase I remember reading in one of Robert Perry's boat design reviews from sometime in the '70s referring to a teak framed skylight hatch as "pretty looking, pretty leaking." Samo, samo.



The insanity part is how relatively easy those cedar frames and polycarbonate lenses came off. They were attached with a couple of high tech combinations of adhesive and sealing goo. Pretty much just peeled off with the help of a nail puller and cold fingers. So what makes me think the new ones will work any better? Well, just a crazy notion, I guess.



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Flotation. Full flotation, in fact, means that the boat will stay on the surface even when the hull is fully open to the sea.

It was Amilear Silva who first suggested it. I was complaining that the bottom of "Sun Hawk" was riddled with holes. The 16 gauge steel had rusted from the inside, the most common source of such problems for a steel hull. I could, and had, put on patches, large and small, on the worst spots but that left many areas that were marginal at best.

"Foam!" he said. "Put in de foam. Or the boat she sink!" Silva speaks better English than you or I but would never admit it. He carries his carefully preserved accent as a badge of Old World craftsmanship, an unmistakable sign of the skills he has honed since his boyhood in Portugal. Also, I suspect, a tool to intimidate or ignore those who would bother him. I had learned by harsh experience the folly of ignoring his advice so I listened. And considered.

Assume that I did the perfect job of repair. Leaks could still appear anew. Rust, rock and collision came to mind. Storm and wave. Sturdier hulls than mine had sunk. The more I thought on the idea, the better it sounded. I began to consider the practicalities of the matter.

Flotation means large volumes of low density material firmly attached to the vessel. Styrofoam, pour-foam, air tanks, compartments, air bags, all would do the job. A vital consideration in a small boat is to make one feature do more than one job wherever possible. In addition, flotation's installation involves a balance of two contradictory requirements.

Flotation material, light by definition, does not begin to support the boat until it is immersed in water. To provide buoyancy it must displace fluid. A block of foam secured to the overhead has no effect until the boat has sunk to the point that it is in the water. If it is to keep the boat afloat at anything near her normal waterline the flotation must be mounted low in the hull. Any boat, especially a sailboat, needs the heavy masses low down for stability. One would scarcely fill the bottom half with lightweight flotation material and bolt engine, stores and ballast to the roof.

Obviously some compromise can be worked out. Others have done so in the past, but exactly what? That question leads immediately to the next: How much foam is needed? How many cubic feet? What is the weight of the boat? These all ask the same thing.

Having neglected to ask Patrick for the weight shown on his readout on the travelift the last time I hauled out, I took advantage of Archimedes' Principle. An object which floats displaces a volume of water exactly equal to its own weight. That same volume of water-displacing foam will exactly support the vessel, once it is immersed. Measuring and estimating from both internal measurements of the hull and from photos of the last haul-out, two independent cross checks, I figured a below-the-waterline volume of a bit under 55 cubic feet. At 64 pounds per cubic foot this gave me a weight of about 3500 Pounds. I would be very surprised if this were off more than 10% and is likely

Flotation

By Scott White

closer than that. This meant that something over 60 cubic feet of foam would support "Sun Hawk" with margin to spare.

Next problem; where to put the stuff? Sixty cubic feet is a block 2' by 6' by 5', a big chunk it seemed.

"Sun Hawk" started life as a lifeboat, 24' long, 8' in beam and double ended. I had removed all of the original interior, letting me work from a bare hull inwards. As I measured and marked places for a cabin sole down the center and raised sections along the sides, I was able to place bunk, galley, sitting areas with lockers underneath, giving me as much or more storage as any other 24 footer with plenty of volume between these structures and the hull. Indeed, I was able to fit almost 120 cubic feet of flotation into the boat, none of it more than a foot above the normal waterline! Counting the watertight, except at the tops, lockers, which added to the buoyancy reserves, I could drill holes in the bottom and she would float no more than 8"-10" down on her lines! Hell, she could sail in that condition. The 120 cubic feet of volume in foam can support a little over 7500 pounds, more than twice the lean weight of the boat with plenty of margin for more stores and equipment than I could ever cram aboard.

The body of foam is U-shaped down the central portion of the boat and fills the lower parts of the bow and stern, keeping them light. The weight of stores and such is kept pretty much low and toward the middle of the hull. The outer lengths, port and starboard, between locker height and the underside of the deck, are mostly book shelf and cubbyhole storage, an added bonus on so small a vessel.

As the drawing shows, the foam sections can be thought of as an extraordinarily thick cored hull with the steel as the outer skin and the 1/2" plywood decking and locker backs the inner.

Tom Colvin, in his book "Cruising As a Way of Life" (Seven Seas Press, New York, 1979) discusses the problem of corrosion induced by contact between polyurethane foam and bare metal. My solution was to sand the inner side of the steel hull and, after treating it with OsPho phosphoric acid treatment, line it with fiberglass/epoxy. This not only protects the steel from the foam but protects the foam from slow saturation by any water which may intrude. The body of foam, wrapped by fiberglass on the hull side and by epoxy saturated rigid plywood structure on the other, can be thought of as a thick, convoluted and form fitting surfboard built into the hull.

I like the result. If any one of the three components, the rigid plywood structure, the foam, or the steel bottom were to magically disappear, the boat would still function as a sailing vessel with a minimum effective hull thickness of three inches, much more in most places. It would take an impressively deep puncture indeed to let in any water at all. Many hours of determined cutting and sawing and vigorous disassembly would be needed before she could be made to actually sink.

Treatment of the inner hull was pretty straightforward. It had been painted and I chipped and sanded, removing whatever was not firmly fixed in place. Any paint that this and the OsPho did not take off I simply left, perhaps 20% of the area. The first coat of epoxy resin was thinned with Sears Epoxy Thinner, a good strong solvent which softened the remaining paint and left it "potted" in epoxy. While that was still tacky (if I had to leave a section long enough for the resin to cure before the next coat I wiped it with No-Sand, another stronger solvent, before going on) I applied two layers of fiberglass wet with unthinned epoxy resin.

The inner structure of bunk platform, locker tops, etc., I made of 1/2" plywood, well and rigidly fastened together, which I ran to within 1/2" to 3/4" of the steel. I left the gaps to avoid lines of hard spots against the hull. These gaps were bridged with strips of glass cloth wet with resin so that the volume between the hull and the plywood was sealed. All the plywood I treated with a couple of coats of thinned resin on all surfaces to protect it inside and out from water and whatever. The joints between pieces of plywood sheet were nailed and glued with 1"x1" wooden strips for strength. I tried to make sure that any such joints (remember that here I was making rectangular box sections) had at least one side which was no joint at all but a continuous piece of sheet. I also ran a bead of 5200 in each joint after the epoxy was applied but before I nailed the wood.

The idea was that the plywood structure of the "furnishings" should have plenty of strength without the support of the rigid foam. It was not all that much extra work to make each major component, hull, ply and foam, capable of holding together independently and this assured much more than adequate strength when combined. Even if it turned out that I was grossly wrong in one area, there would be lots of safety margin.

Once the hull was lined with glass and the interior sealed to it at the edges, it was time to add the polyurethane foam. I purchased two-pound density mix-and-pour foam. This comes in one gallon cans and is mixed as equal parts of A and B. I cut 2" holes in the plywood with a drill and hole saw attachment, keeping the plugs so that I could epoxy them back in place when the job was done.

It is best to mix the stuff in small batches, a quart or less at a time. There are several advantages to this. It is hard to mix and pour much more without having it fizz up before it is all poured into the hole with time for it to run down to the lowest point and go off. You pour equal parts of A and B into a two quart plastic bucket (plastic because the foam sticks to paper and the residue keeps you from re-using the container, you will mix a LOT of batches) and stir with a stirring beater chucked into a drill. I used stainless skewers I bought at the grocery store for this. These are 1/8" wire bent with a square loop at one end.

Within 30 seconds of starting the mixing it will show small bubbles on the surface. You then have 10 to 20 seconds to pour it in the hole. Mix too much and you will never get it all poured in time. The stuff is incredibly sticky at this point and work areas should be lined with polyethy-

lene trash bags to isolate the mess. Keep a large bag ready for emergency dumping if things go wrong. Any spillage can be let to harden and later broken into chunks that will fit through the hole. This cuts wastage to almost nothing.

This stuff expands as it foams. This means that it exerts a pressure, a few pounds per square inch, in any closed volume. If you try to fill a section all at once you risk pressurizing it to the point of serious damage. Two psi over one square foot gives a total force of 288 pounds. The larger the area, the greater the potential for damage. Fill a volume in increments and the final batch can relieve it's excess out the fill hole without any danger and with less excess to deal with.

Polyurethane foam is closed cell but will absorb water over a long enough period of time. The outer skin of a batch is much more impervious than the inner cells themselves. A volume which has been filled with many small batches has, in effect, internal sub-divisions, compartmentalization. After all the other efforts it is unlikely that this will matter but it would not make sense to go to extra effort to eliminate this benefit.

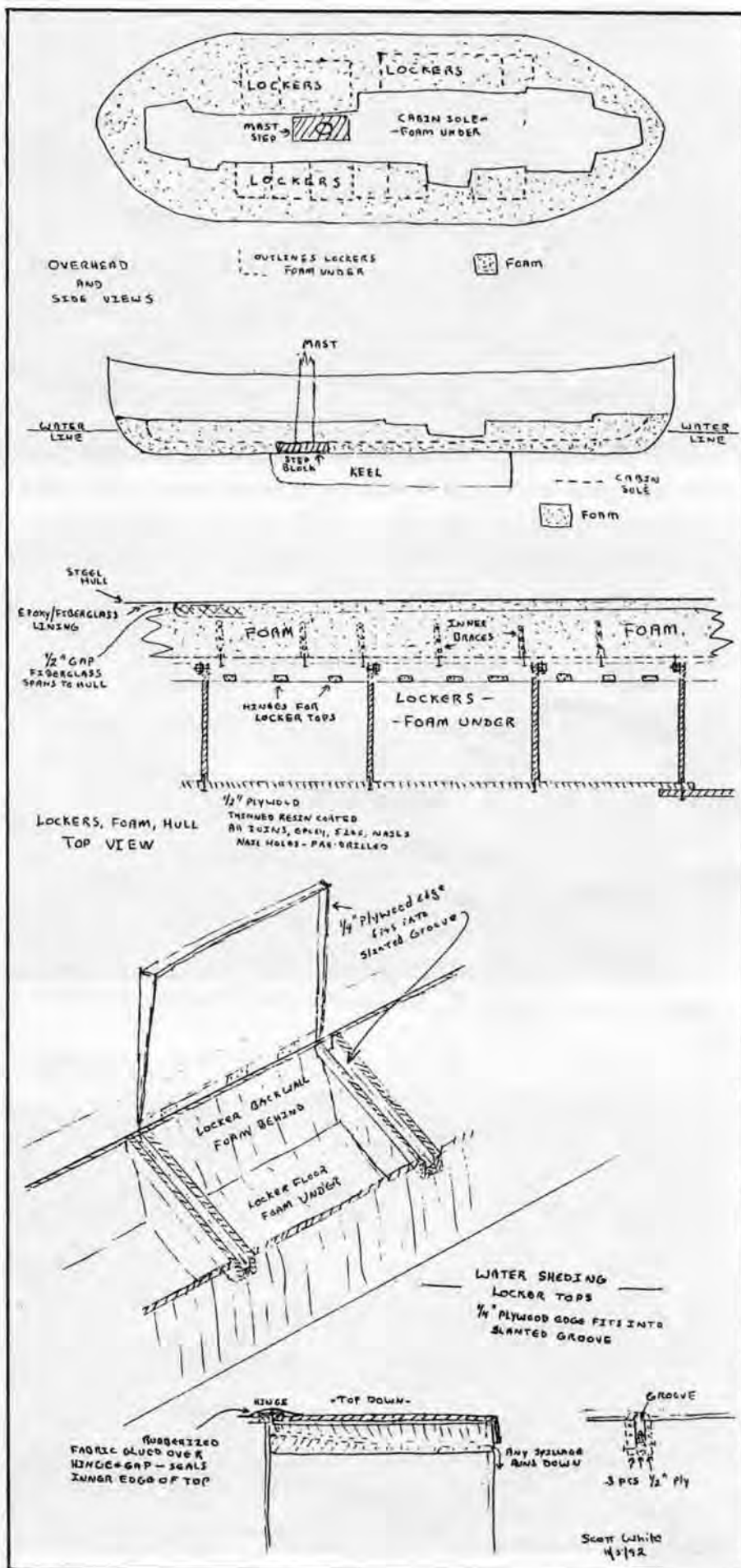
As each section was filled through its access hole I sealed in the final batch by placing a piece of plastic bag over the hole and jamming the plug in place, holding it down with a lead ballast block. The plastic let me remove the plug once the foam had set and then seal it back in place with epoxy and 5200. A six inch square or circle of epoxy/fiberglass over each plug finished the job.

If this all sounds like major work, cutting holes to pour into every part, mixing and plugging, etc., you are right. The pouring itself is kind of fun but the project gets old before it gets done. It would have been less work had I started with a boat that already possessed an interior, all that I would have had to do would be seal the volume to be foamed and pour through my holes. Either way, however. I had to have an interior in any case and the additional work to make it suitable for the addition of the foam was not so very great.

The bottom line is that at a cost of less than 1/3rd that paid for a medium grade liferaft I have a boat that cannot sink. Put great holes in the bottom and I will have a few inches of water over the sole. I will have all my tools and repair materials. All of my water and supplies. The hull never sweats. The effective hull is so thick that only great effort would hole it in the first place. Fire is the only thing which could force me out of the boat and the risk of that is lessened. Foam burns very poorly and there is little volume in which flammables can accumulate, it is all filled with polyurethane foam!

I am very happy that I listened to Amilcar Silva. At a cost of well under \$1,000 I have a much better boat and have eliminated any need for a \$3,000 life raft setup.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Bay of Maine Ram Island Peapod

Specifications

The Ram Island peapod was born out of a love of a sea kindly safe seakeeping ability and ease of rowing found in a traditional peapod. An option for a sail design that has been on various models and lengths along the coasts of Maine for more than 100 years was added also.

This traditional peapod is an excellent performer in the many sea states found along the coast of Maine. The Maine Island Peapod was designed and built by Don Zapone and first used along the reaches of eastern Saco Bay.

The original peapod was rowed for 15 years before the mold was built, the main reason was to preserve her design. Later a sailing rig was added that stows neatly inside the boat and still allows you to row. You can steer by an oar or by shifting your weight to improve your point of sail.

With her symmetrical ends, her hand laid fiberglass hull, her applied reticulated wood rails (this eases the emptying of water when rolled on her side) and her keel for better tracking, the Ram Island Peapod optimizes the best of both worlds. The fiberglass hull allows her to be left on a trailer without the fear of "drying out." With her strong hull the fear of holing her is diminished as you explore a rock laden shoreline. The applied



wooden reticulated rails and wooden seats ascribe to her all the charm, warmth and feel of a wooden peapod. The wood adds strength and a comfortable rail top hold onto or grab.

oarlock sockets, one pair bronze oarlocks, wood rails and center thwart and one pair 8' flat spruce oars. Exterior hull color is Scallop Shell Tan. All woodwork is oil and UV protected finished.

Materials/Construction

The Ram Island Peapod has two rowing stations, one amidships and one forward. All rowing models can be retrofitted easily to a sailing model. The hull is fiberglass, hand-laid by experienced Maine craftsmen. Flotation is sealed into compartments located in the bow and stern. Each boat has a unique bow eye, fiberglass bow and stern seats, five

Details

	Row	Sail
Length	13'6"	13'6"
Beam	4'4"	4'4"
Depth (Board Down)		2'0"
Weight	145lbs	155lbs
Capacity	4	4
Sail Area		56sft

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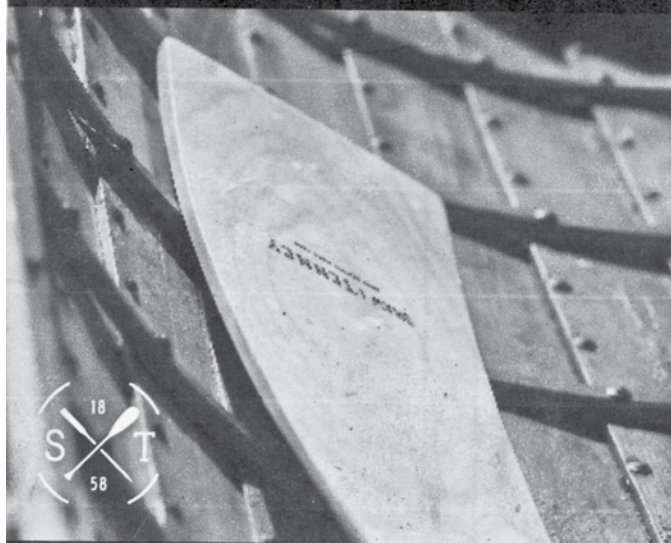
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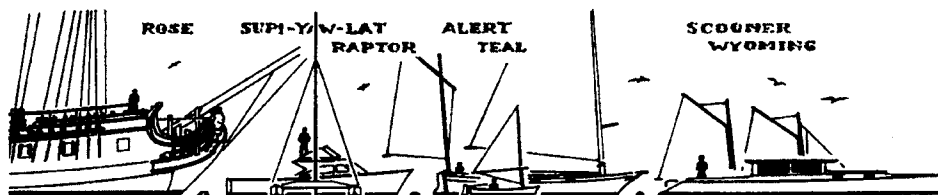
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After the rather longish tale about the peculiar behavior of a group of adults not getting done what single *MAIB* readers have shared with us as having gotten done again and again, here just back to simple if not delightful design matters. Not much needs to be said around these few sketches for what I might as well call MICRO-V, not as in five, but as a reference to her different bow shape.

As touched on late in last month's piece, adding a simple raised deck cabin trunk over the forward bunks seems the obvious next stage of developing options for this hull. To get 3'2"-3" of headroom sitting on those bunks near that main bulkhead, the bunks are lowered, making their forward end angled much more towards her centerline due to those rising vee bottom quarters. And the storage volume under the bunks is significantly reduced as well. But netting over the feet forward left and right should keep lots of light fluffy things dry, out of the way and yet handy. On such a modest boat, a centerline hatch to walk forward on her hull bottom seems a sound option to tend to mainmast and ground tackle.

With her rear half unaltered from the open boat layout to keep those full length cockpit benches/bunks, there still is a lot of storage under those, particularly since much of the time she would be used as a two some cruiser. With three folks shown on the sail plan, taking turns sleeping outside likely under a boom tent will be part of the onboard routines. Of course, with two adults sleeping in the cabin, her bow will be down a bit at night, making that vee bow all the more desirable. Perhaps two buckets or bags of water way aft suspended for the night between the rudders and the retracted outboard will help some. At least your head on the pillow near that cabin bulkhead should help you get a decent night's sleep. And once

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #536 in *MAIB*
Micro V-18

A Light Trailer Cabin Cruiser

18'0"x7'2"x1'9"x5hpx153-210sf of Sail

in tidal creeks and coves let's not forget tending to the legs to keep her upright. One might even consider a set of reinforcements, nicely streamlined, extending some inches below the lowest point of her chines amidships in order to protect her bottom should you find yourself heeling over, just in case.

Since I'd have foam laminations along her topsides to build into her enough positive buoyancy to overbalance that keel, battery, outboard, ground tackle, plus a layer or two in her cabin sides and roof, she might be rather comfortable if you want to stretch the cruising season some.

We might want to look at the range of the original MICRO rigs to boost the sail plan from 153sf over 168sf all the way to 210sf. Between her 410lb ballast keel and

this stout full width enclosed cabin volume, she should be hard to knock over. Cruising related questions to ponder over might be a hard or a soft dodger, placement of boat hooks, towing a hard dinghy or even attempting to swing one crosswise off that stern platform over the rudders, assuming fore and aft balances don't go haywire.

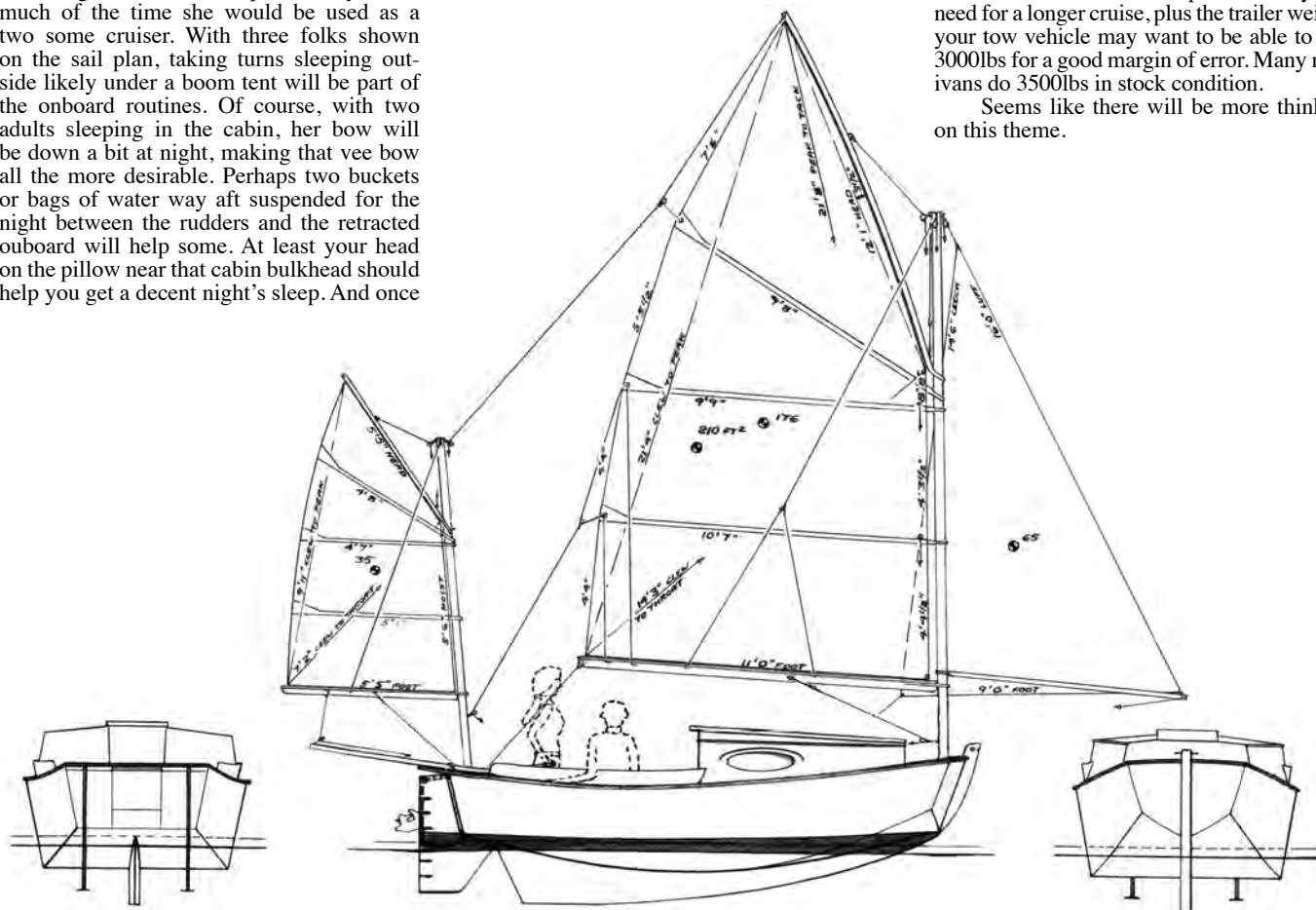
However, on her chunky proportions, and with that transom bow, she just won't smoothly slice through the bigger waves, a hard reality not unique to this pocket cruiser, rather something to work with. We'd look for long swells sailing, but likely motorsailing through a stretch of adverse short chop.

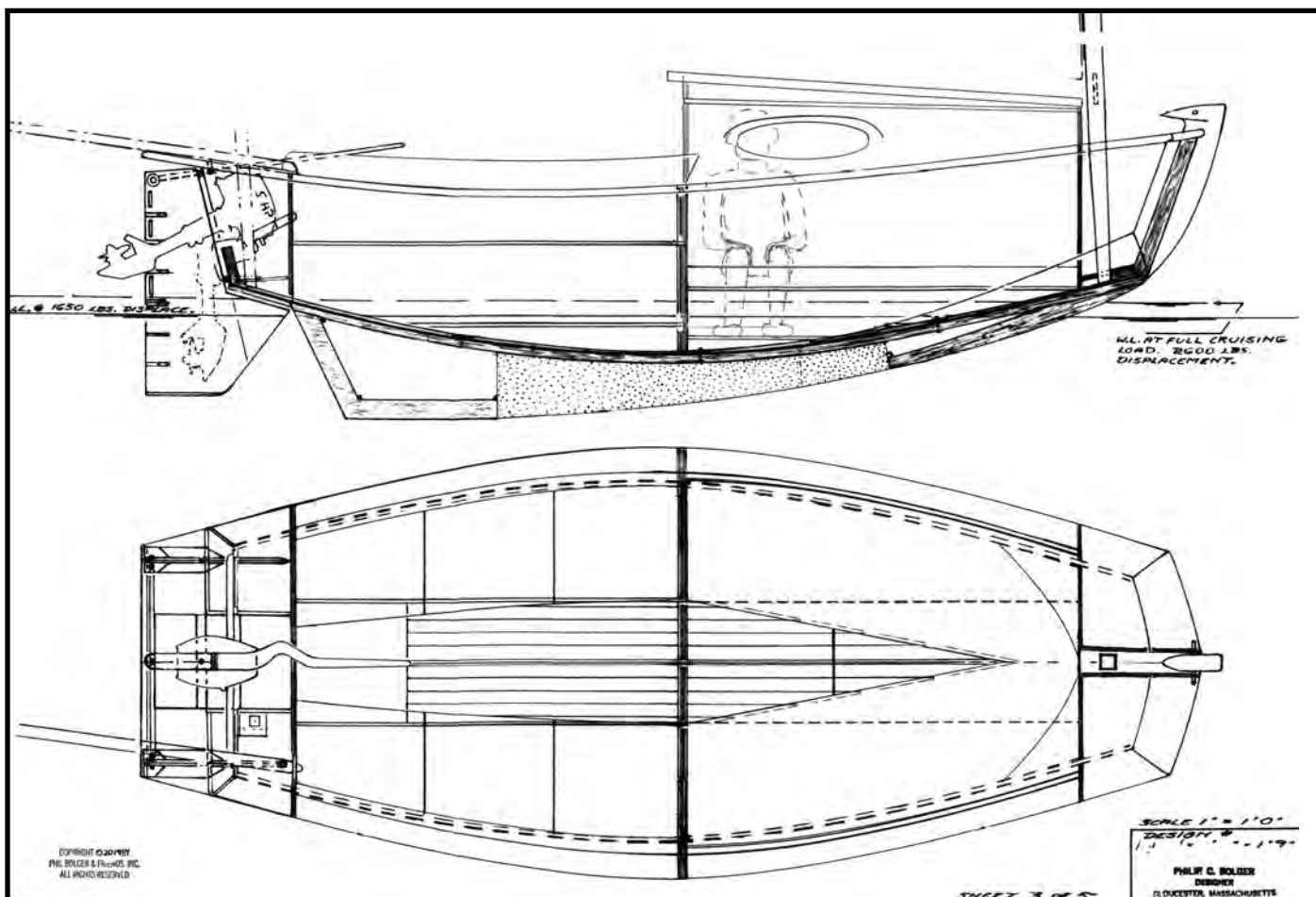
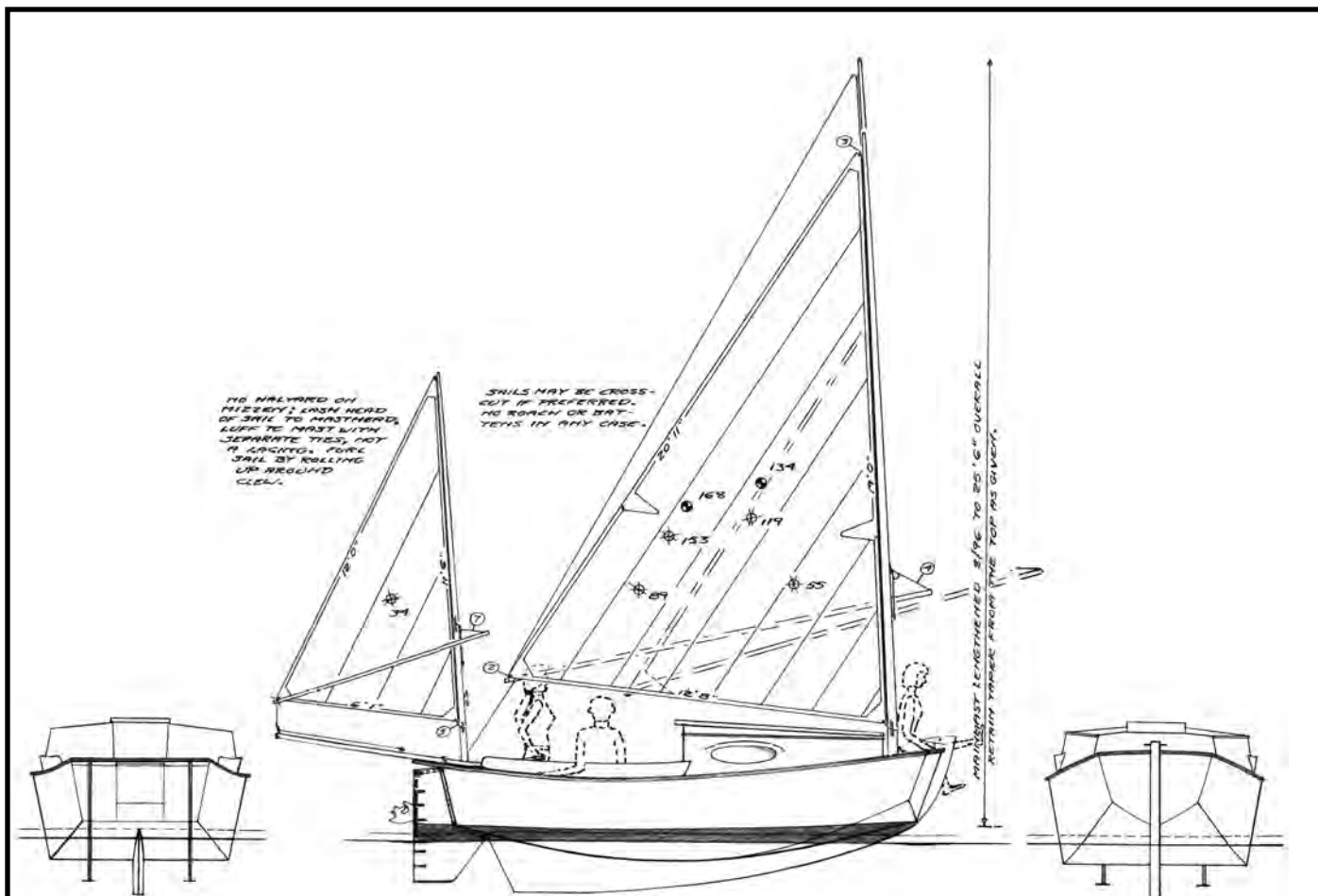
Of course, she can be built in a garage, assuming you'd add the stern platform and the twin rudders on her way out. Once everything is assembled, glassed, painted, detailed and fitted out, she should on her 18' overall fit just fine in American garages designed for full size sedans, never mind 19'+ station wagons of yore.

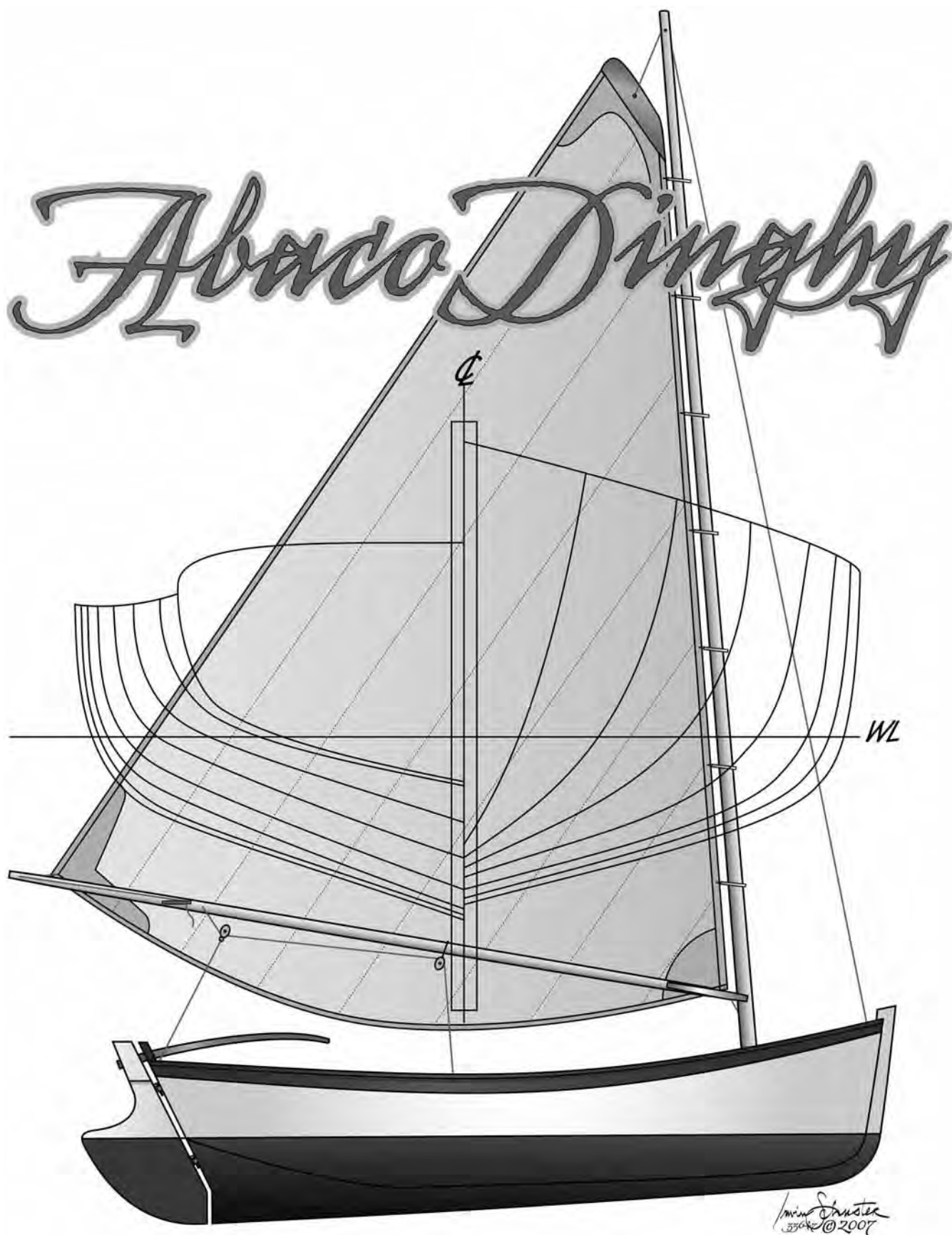
But you will want to explore the option of a long enough foldaway trailer tongue to still allow tight near 90° turns without MICRO V-18 poking her bow transom corners into the rear panels of wagons, vans and pickup trucks.

First and last, to accept the load you'd need for a longer cruise, plus the trailer weight, your tow vehicle may want to be able to pull 3000lbs for a good margin of error. Many minivans do 3500lbs in stock condition.

Seems like there will be more thinking on this theme.







Small Craft Illustration #17 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net



Capt. Roger Griffith on Verne's *Nautilus* in paper: "From Walt Disney's, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

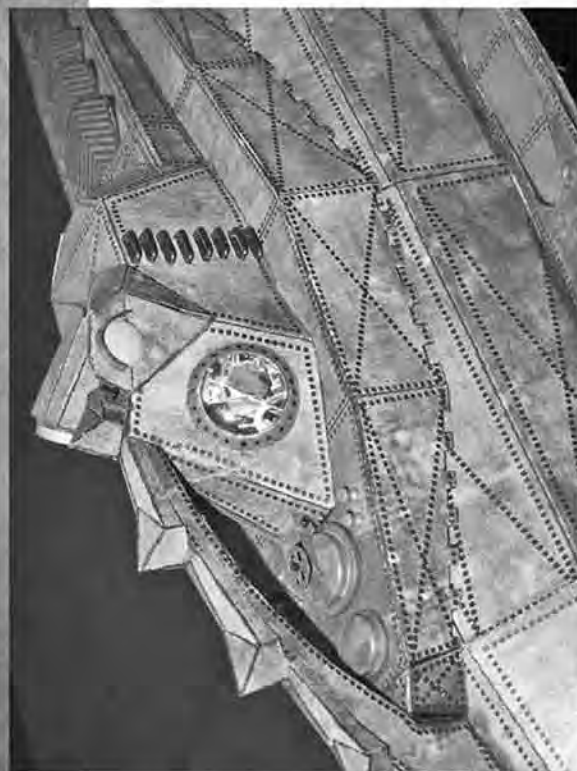
"After building plastic and wood ship models for many years I decided to try my hand at paper modeling. This model of the *Nautilus* as depicted in Disney's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," is my first attempt at paper and I added a lot of additional detail from parts that I cobbled from many places. Enjoyed building this so much that I ordered the TASCHEN *Titanic*, the HALINSKI *Scharnhorst* and many others. Now I just have to find time to build them.

Harper Goff who designed the *Nautilus* for Disney was a brilliant engineer on Disney's staff. He managed to perfectly capture the sinister look of the *Nautilus* while maintaining the Victorian look of Jules Verne's time. The model is 36 inches long (1/60 scale) and was made from 120lb cardstock. After coating with clear matte finish it seems very sturdy and shows no signs of warping even in the humid climate we have here in Florida. Additional rivets were put on parts that I added with black markers. The finished model was coated with four coats of Testor's satin finish clear coat (clear parts were masked during the final coats.

The hatches were made from wood buttons with hinges and handwheels made of paper and dowel pieces.

The conning tower windows were made from dolls' (Googly) eyes bought in a craft store - cut out the back remove the "eye" and you are left with a nice clear dome shape (you can buy a bag of various sizes for a couple of bucks).

The large side viewing windows were the most challenging. I finally got some inspiration when I bought some light bulbs for



Roger supplied these two photos.



the house in a blister pack. The shape was close but too small, so off I went to Home Depot to look at things in blister packs when, lo and behold, I found the perfect size and shape in a toilet bowl flapper valve (amazing the sources for modeling materials). Now I had my windows as well as spare toilet parts. Adding some paper strips to simulate frames completed the observation windows.

Another interesting item is the spiral speed log. This I made from a piece of spiral macaroni. The original macaroni had two spirals so I cut one spiral off with a DREMEL tool. The prop shroud was made from PVC pipe. Other deck hardware came from kit pieces that I had lying around.

If you look through the windows you can see Captain Nemo and the interior of the grand salon. These came from ensmallments that I made from movie stills and glued them behind the windows. I'm working on a display stand for it. Found four nice nautilus shells at a shell store and was thinking of supporting the model between the four of them on a display baseboard."



Roger supplied these photos.



Many years ago I had a boat trailer shipped to me by gypsy freight. The trailer came in pieces and when all the parts had made it to the freight transfer point outside Tallahassee, I received a phone call to come and get the pieces. Happily, the people at the transfer point helped me put the basics together so I could tow it home. Gypsy freight was an inexpensive, but slow, means of shipping bulk material.

In my case, part of the trailer came in on one truck and part on others until all the shipment had arrived. Each of the parts (frame, axle, wheels, etc) was moved from one truck to another if it had empty space for the item and was going in the "sort of" proper direction. In my case, part of the trailer went from Miami to Fort Myers to Tampa to Gainesville and then to Tallahassee. Another part went to Jacksonville and then to Tallahassee. All the pieces were tracked (by hand back then) and sent towards the destination. With UPS and FedEx now operating, I could not find any gypsy freight options on the web.

Hurricane Michael damaged a number of aids to navigation and the Coast Guard did an excellent job of replacing and/or repairing their aids. Private and county maintained aids along the coast of Apalachee Bay were another matter. As of the middle of March, a number of local aids were still missing or in need of repair by the county (they owned the markers at this point). In some cases, the day marker had broken and a part of the post was still visible.

Many years ago the local channel markers were all privately installed and maintained. In some cases there was a line with a plastic bottle attached to the stake. When the tide was out, you saw the stake. When the tide was in, you saw the floating bottle above the stake. It worked quite well, although local knowledge was vital. One turn marker was three galvanized pipes connected at the top. It was a replacement for the galvanized pipe with a shower head pointing toward the deep part of the channel at the turn. The replacement/repair of the local channel markers is low on Wakulla County's priority list. Perhaps we will see plastic bottles floating about the broken day marker posts?



I am a pack rat. I keep things that "might be useful someday." Of course, if I discard something, I will need it shortly thereafter. Thus I have an assortment of hose clamps and battery terminals from the days on the water when a spare part was needed now. I also have "spare" screwdrivers, various diameters and lengths of hose (gas, diesel and water) and the like. The other day I needed a way to hold a piece of pipe that had been inserted over a smaller piece of pipe (about halfway up the smaller pipe). The solution was a hose clamp of the proper diameter from my collection. The clamp fitted the smaller pipe and was "big" enough to hold the other pipe in place above it.

One of the problems with a transducer is keeping it clean so it can work correctly. In fresh water slime can cover the head, while in saltwater one can get both slime and barnacles over the device. In such cases, the depth reading can be suspect. Aside from swimming under the boat and cleaning the transducer head before going out, if the transducer is stern mounted, it can be raised out of the water when the boat is not in use. This approach also cuts down on the holes below (or at) the waterline needed to mount the device.

The problem installing a transom transducer on a semi displacement boat is getting to the work area. It's either pull the boat or put a lot of weight in the bow to raise the stern out of the water. For my Sisu 26, I mounted a bit of sail slide track above the water line and used a couple of sail connectors as mounts for the transducer so it could slide up and down with a stick attached to the transducer mount to push and hold it down to the waterline when needed. The rest of the time the stick pulled it above the water and

the transducer did not get fouled. At slow speed (no propwash interference) it worked quite nicely.

Drones are everywhere these days. Some people get quite upset when one flies over their area. Since they are considered "aircraft," shooting one is a federal offense. However, according to an article in the April issue of *Yachting* (pp 104-106) you can create a circle (about 3,000') around you with two devices. One detects the drone(s) and the other sends out an electronic signal that disrupts the drone's communication with its controller. The system will not work on a drone that is flying a pre programmed course but otherwise should provide some privacy from aerial surveillance.

A person came to our house the other day to measure a window where we wanted to install a drape. They did not use one of the laser measuring devices. Instead, they pulled out a metal tape measure and did the measurements. I asked about using the laser measuring device and was told, "they are not accurate all the time." It seems that the firm had bad experiences using a laser measuring device and went back to the metal tape measure. I wonder if the laser measuring device becomes inaccurate when the internal battery becomes low or there are other problems that can affect the accuracy of the device.

One can test the accuracy of a depth sounder by placing a reflector at a known depth under the transducer. Maybe one should test a laser measuring device against a known distance once in a while? Perhaps a reader has had experience with laser measuring devices and their accuracy and would like to respond?

As longtime readers know, I am a KISS proponent and a believer in Murphy's Law. If it can break, it will at the worst possible time and the more gadgetry, the more things to break. What brings this to mind is the various electronic devices to maneuver a boat into its slip. If things do go wrong, practice and experience are important in such situations. The question is one of practice and experience, if one relies on the current (and future) electronic devices to take the boat out and/or put it back in the slip.

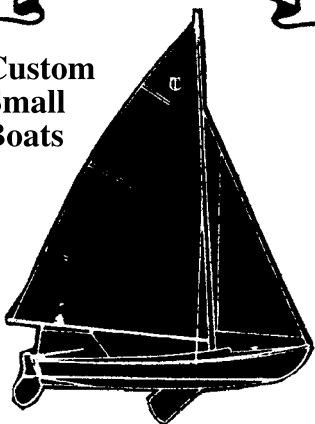
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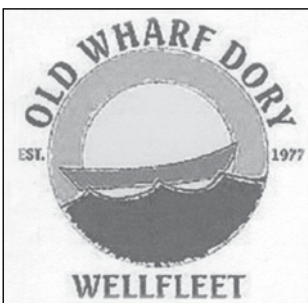
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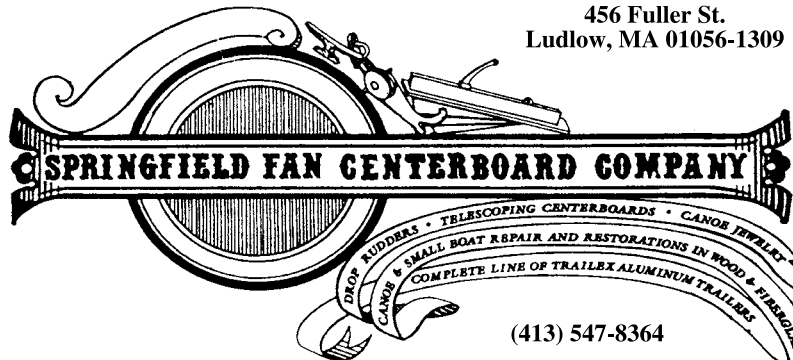
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Jiffy Skiff

The authors must have needed a filler page pretty badly to include this pine box. On the positive side though, the plans are all on one page and the finished Jiffy Skiff can always be used for a large wedge if you need to pry open the barn doors or something.



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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher

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TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

I sent one of these photos to MAIB with last month's ad, my nephew rowing on Martha's Vineyard in huge waves. A gale arriving the next day. Bob Hicks wrote back that we should put the behind-the-scenes photo INSIDE the magazine. I wrote back, "How about I'll do it as an ad for next month?" Bob said, "Fine by me."

I was treating our 80lb Vermont Fishing Dory as if it were a 1500lb Jersey Lifeguard Boat. We also lacked the 10 bulky Jersey lifeguards needed to launch that boat. And...I got my butt soundly kicked for the effort.

The rest of the ad was quite accurate. Swimming the boat out and wet boarding was fine. Rowing out in the rollers, no issue. It was all part of messing - about - in - boats. All in all, great fun.

